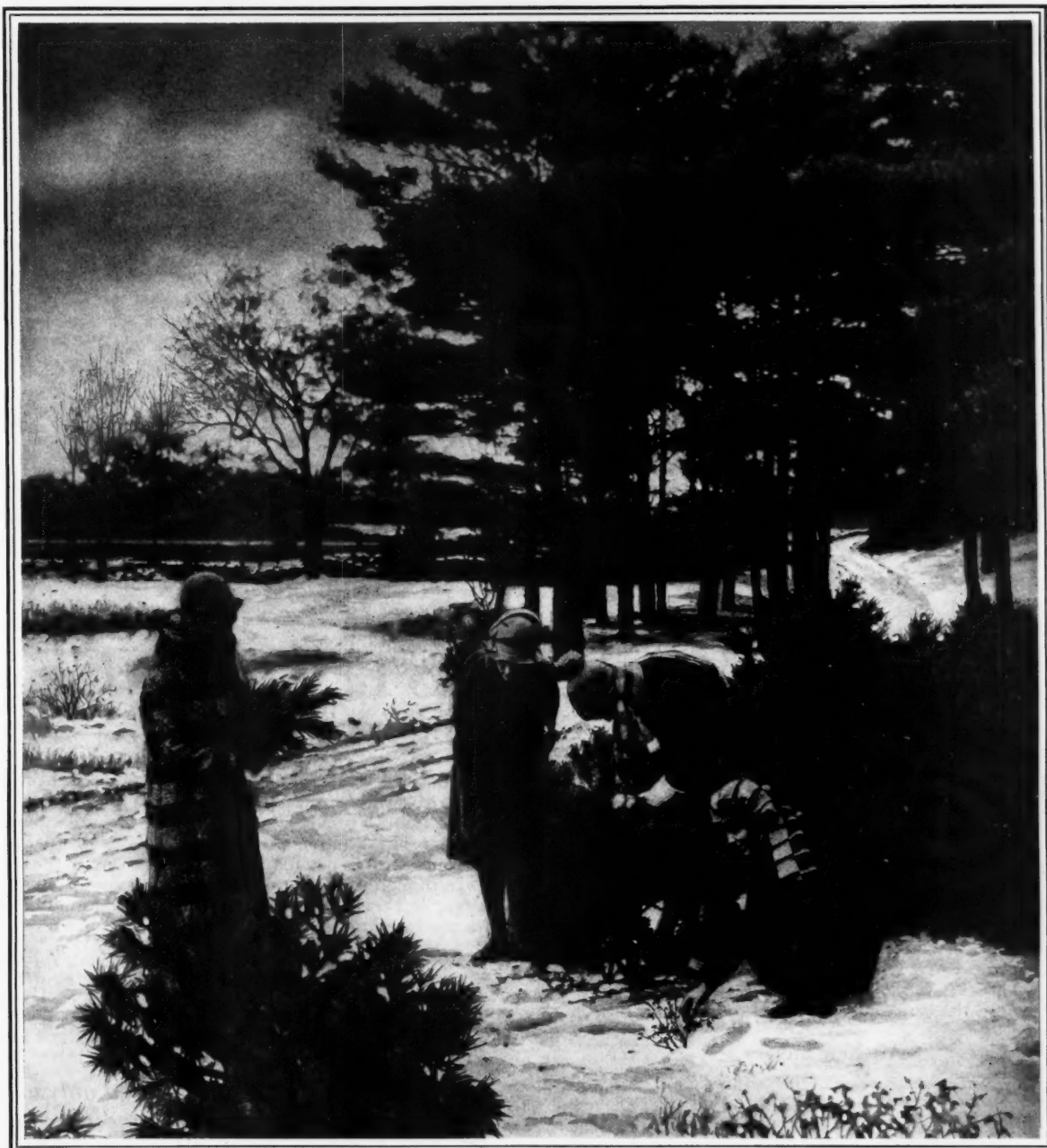


YOUTH'S COMPANION



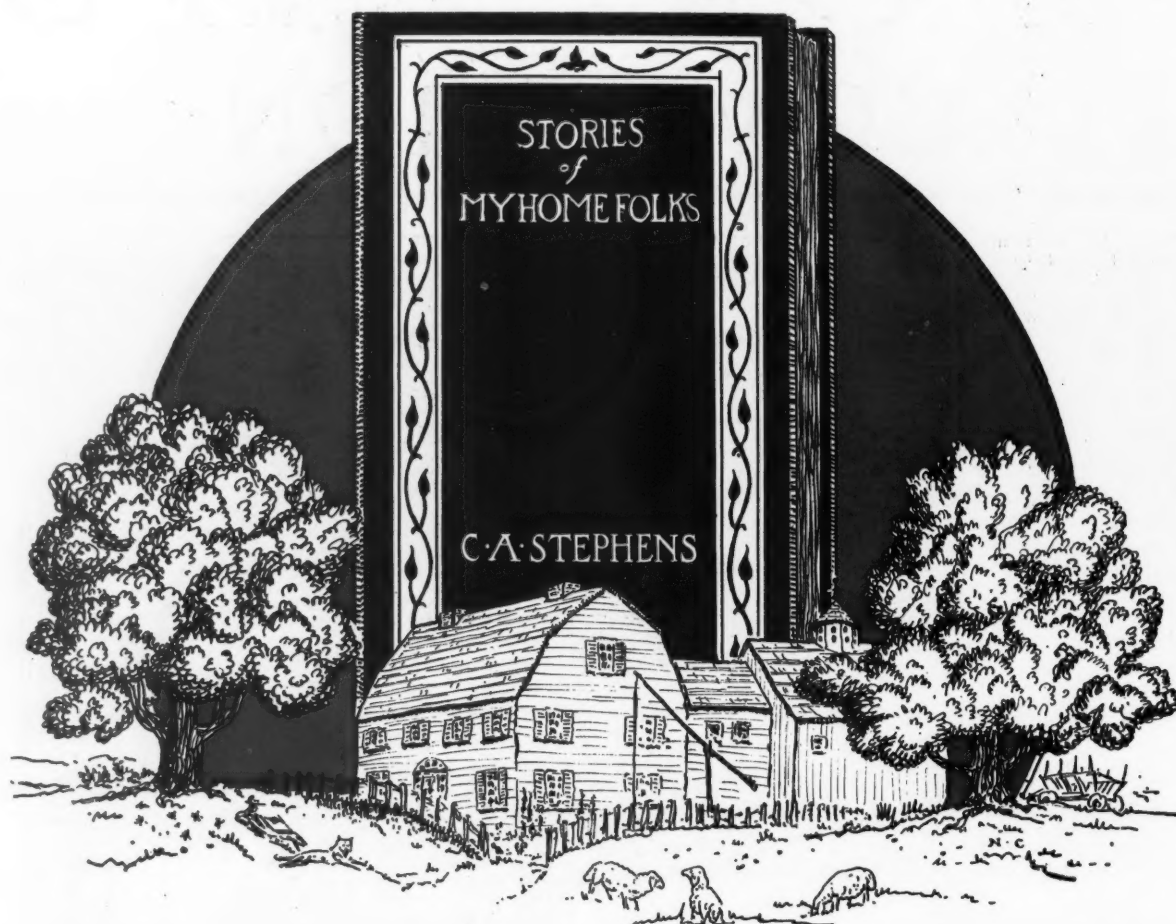
Photograph by Harry Irving Shuman

CHRISTMAS GREENS

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

DECEMBER 16, 1926

NUMBER 50

GEORGE WOOD'S parents had gone away for the week-end, leaving George and his small brother Splinter, who was known to his mother and a few others as Edson, to keep house together. In spite of the latter part of the arrangement George was delighted. The first thing he did after his father and mother had gone was to seek out his friend Jinky Jenks; he found him and Custard Peyser and Chilly North on Jinky's veranda.

"Lo, George," Custard greeted him. "What makes you look so happy?"

George grinned. "My mother and father have gone to Readville—won't be back till tomorrow night. The kid and I are keeping house."

"Huh," said Jinky, "shouldn't think you'd like that—not with a kid brother like Splinter!"

"Well, I do sort of wish they'd taken the kid with them," George admitted. "Never can tell what fool thing he's likely to do next. Dad says I'm responsible for him and the house and everything—and that's a lot. Just the same, I like responsibility. That's what gives a fellow character, you know."

Custard said: "Say, George, don't you mind at all being alone in the house all night?"

George shrugged grandiloquently. "Naw," he said. "Why should I mind? Besides, they didn't take Splinter, and even if I did mind it is my duty to protect my younger brother; and when a fellow has his duty to do it makes no difference what kind of a house he is in, so long as he does it."

Chilly North squinted off into the distance. Jinky chuckled. "You're a pretty brave fellow, George, but all I can say is, I guess I can think of better fun than what you've got ahead of you."

"Sour grapes," said George. "You fellows know mighty well that your families wouldn't dare go 'way and leave you in charge of things."

The others looked skeptical, but no one disputed the point. Chilly merely said: "Well, I'd hate to be you, George."

"Why?"

Chilly looked at him sidewise. "You and Splinter in that big house of yours tonight and folks being robbed and everything!"

"Robbed? What do you mean?"

"Don't tell me you haven't heard about the robbery at the village store last night!" said Chilly.

"Two of 'em," added Custard; "there was one at the other end of town too."

"And they didn't catch the fellows either," said Jinky.

George's smile vanished. "Two robberies? Why, no, I hadn't heard—that is—" He moistened his lips a little, but in a moment he recovered himself. "What of it?" he demanded. "That's got nothing to do with me—nothing in our place worth stealing."

"Burglars don't always know that," observed Chilly.

"Well, anyway," said George, "I guess I can take care of the house all right; I guess my dad wouldn't have gone off if he didn't think so."

"Oh, sure," said Chilly.

George was silent; he wasn't so sure that he liked responsibility so much after all.

"Say," he inquired suddenly, "why don't you fellows come over and spend the night with me? Not that I'm scared, of course, but it would be good fun. There's cider and stuff to eat, and we could read together and have a swell time!"

But his enthusiasm didn't reach the others. They appreciated the kind offer of hospitality, and, they'd be glad to come over for a while after supper; but as for staying all night—

"You know how folks are, George," said Jinky, "my folks anyway—don't like to have me away at night—and then too at this time—"

"Yes, at this time, you know," added Custard; "so many robberies and everything—"

While they were carefully explaining why staying overnight at another fellow's house was out of the question, Splinter was in his private workshop down cellar. The small boy was very much occupied. Almost a month before Mr. Wood had promised him a Great Dane puppy, and Splinter was pre-



"Say, what was that?" Chilly exclaimed in a husky voice

A Dog in the House

By RUSSELL GORDON CARTER

Illustrated by HEMAN FAY, JR.

paring a little house for him. In Splinter's eyes nothing was too good for a dog. The house that he was at work on was an exceptional structure. He had made it with the boards from two soap boxes. It was oblong and had a peaked roof with two small dormer windows and a chimney. The boy realized that both chimney and windows were of doubtful practical value, but they gave the house a homelike and distinguished air. What was practical, though, was the floors; there were two of them—the ground floor and what might be called a false attic. The ground floor, which was the bare ground, was of course for the dog; the attic was for extra bones. Splinter had reasoned that any dog would be glad to live in a warm, snug little house all his own, with windows and everything and an attic stored with bones—something to provide for a rainy day, a rainy dog day, perhaps. A couple of coats of dark-red paint and possibly panes of glass in the little windows, and you couldn't find a more sumptuous dog house in all Dobbsville!

ONE matter of some importance Splinter had neglected, however; he had not reckoned on the dog's growing up. The dog house would be comfortable for an adult fox terrier or, better still, a dachshund, but a Great Dane puppy growing an extra inch or two some night might wake in the morning to find that, like a chick, he had split his shell.

Splinter was in the midst of sandpapering the roof when he heard the back doorbell ring. Thinking it was no one of importance, George without his key perhaps,—he paid no attention to it; but when it rang again and then continued ringing he reluctantly laid down the sandpaper and climbed the stairs.

He was quite unprepared for what he saw when he opened the door. An expressman was standing there, and at his feet lay a crated box from which protruded tufts of brown hair and the nose of a forlorn-looking dog.

"My puppy!" cried Splinter.

"Here, sign this," said the expressman. As soon as he had gone Splinter was on his knees beside the crate, stroking the

protruding nose and talking in a way that the dog seemed to find acceptable. "Poor li'l feller! All the way from Greensburg! Must be tired and hungry!"

He pried open the side of the crate, and, as the puppy wriggled forth and tried in every way a puppy can to show how much he liked his new master, Splinter was astonished at the size of him. Great bony shoulders, gangly legs—why, he was like a puppy on stilts! With a start Splinter thought of the dog house; was it big enough? In a moment he and the puppy were on their way down cellar.

"Rats!" exclaimed Splinter in dismay as he looked from the house to the prospective tenant. And then, "Here, boy, get in. Whoa, back up! Now—down on your hands and knees—like!"

With one hand the boy pressed the dog down; with the other he dragged the house over him. Thereupon the puppy promptly stood up and lifted it two inches off the floor. In spite of his disappointment, as Splinter looked at him standing there with his head thrust forth from the little door and the house wobbling about on his shifting shoulders, he couldn't help laughing. Well, he guessed maybe he could make it higher somehow. Perhaps tomorrow he could get another soap box.

He hurried upstairs and returned with a plate of scraps, a basin of water and a soup bone. The puppy had wriggled out of his little house, but the boy forced him back, told him again to get "down on his hands and knees—like," and then nailed a stick across the door to keep him in. Placing the food and the water in front of him, Splinter sat down to watch him eat.

As Splinter watched his dog slathering up the food, he kept thinking of all the wonderful things that that pup would be when he grew up. Splinter had heard about police dogs that were so well trained that you could tell them to go to the post office and get the mail or go to the grocery store and get the groceries, and they would do it, and know the difference between the two. Splinter decided to teach his pup this trick at the earliest opportunity. With an intelligent pup like this one—and Splinter could see that he was intelligent—it would

only take two or three days—a week at the most.

He thought the dog did pretty well for a puppy. He cleaned the dish of scraps in less than a minute, and then he lapped the basin dry without once pausing for breath. Splinter went upstairs for more scraps and more water, and again the pup cleaned the dish and lapped the basin dry. Traveling always makes a body hungry, especially traveling all day in a crate.

"Poor li'l feller!" said Splinter, and the puppy banged his tail eloquently against the attic floor.

When George came home, Splinter was getting supper in the kitchen. "Say, George," the small boy began.

"Don't want any supper," said George. "Not hungry."

"What's the matter—you sick?" demanded Splinter in astonishment.

"Don't be fresh," replied George irritably.

"Who's fresh?" retorted Splinter. "I guess if I was as fresh as you—"

George strode into the living-room. His visit had upset him a little. Of course he wasn't afraid to stay in the big house at night, but he was sure that Jinky and the rest were, and—well, the realization disturbed him. He didn't know why it should. "Splinter," he called out after a while, "going to have the bunch over here tonight—sort of a little house party."

"I'm going out then," replied the small brother.

As a matter of fact, Splinter was planning to go out anyway. His mind was so full of dog that he must see young "Wi'am" Peyser, who owned an Airedale, and tell him about his puppy. But before the boy went out he descended the cellar stairs to see that his pet was comfortable. Yes, there he was, lying down with his nose and forepaws thrust forth below the crosspiece. He looked up sleepily out of one eye as his master approached.

"Poor li'l feller!" Splinter said again. "All tired out, being crated up and everything." And he considerably retraced his steps.

At half past seven Jinky and Custard and Chilly arrived, and George ushered them into the living-room, where a friendly wood fire was burning in the open fireplace.

"Say, George, I brought a swell book!" said Jinky. "It's by Poe."

"All right," said George, "let's just sit round the fire and read and talk. The kid's gone out; we ought to have a good time."

Jinky opened the book. "Here's a good one—The Fall of the House of Usher."

"Read it," said George. "Hope it's good and funny."

"It isn't," said Jinky. "It's sort of sad, but it's exciting." He cleared his throat.

George decided that, no matter how exciting the story should turn out to be, he wouldn't take it too seriously; it wasn't good for a fellow to do that. He would bear in mind always that it was only a story—something that never happened and never could happen.

BUT George soon found that he couldn't quite live up to his resolution. Everything was against him—the art of the author, the occasional tremor in Jinky's monotonous voice, the set faces of Chilly and Custard, not to mention the rising wind outside and the dancing, grotesque shadows on the walls within. George was being carried away. He felt icy chills run up and down his spine as Jinky read about the sombre, melancholy old house with its bleak walls, its vacant eye-like windows, the ghostly tree stems and rank sedges that surrounded it, the black lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre near by, and the many other things even more depressing. It certainly was not an ideal bed-time story.

Once as Jinky paused for breath a log in the fireplace cracked loudly and spat sparks in all directions. George saw Custard and Chilly start. They tried to laugh lightly, but couldn't quite do it. George managed to smile a little in spite of his dry lips, but it was disquieting to know your friends were jumpy over little things.

The loneliness of the house, the heaviness of the silence—so heavy that they felt as if they could hear it—and the occasional creaks

and suspicious rustlings which they heard, and which for some reason can always be heard in a perfectly empty house—all combined together to produce in the heart of each of them an indubitable case of the "creeps."

But each would rather have died of fright than let any of the others find out that he was scared. Each conjured up the most terrible picture he could think of, then tried to drive it from his mind, but could not. Custard remembered a scene out of "Treasure Island," where the boy was caught in the apple barrel. George pictured himself as being all alone in the House of Usher before it fell. Jinky remembered a story he had had to read in school by Washington Irving, about the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

All this was happening as Jinky read sentence after sentence of Poe's great story.

If one of the four had suggested another story then, Jinky would have gladly laid down the book. George wanted to do it for the sake of Chilly and Custard, but, since he was host, it didn't seem to him fitting to say anything. The others may have refrained because they were guests.

"Say, what was that?" Chilly exclaimed in a hushed voice.

"A sort of scraping—" Custard began. "Under the floor—listen!"

They all listened for perhaps a minute; their faces looked blanched and unnatural in the firelight. Then George rose and won the secret admiration of the others by crossing to a dark part of the room and peering out the window. He was rather sorry he did it, for what he saw didn't reassure him. A queer, misshapen moon partly buried in cloud was riding unnaturally above the barn. The trees were flinging their branches wildly

about in the wind—great, groping black arms that seemed to be reaching for something to crush. He returned at once to his chair before the fire.



Behind Splinter followed the dog house, with four legs holding the house off the ground

The noise, whatever it was, was not repeated.

He had been reading for perhaps ten minutes when there came a noise from the

cellar so loud that all four jumped. Jinky dropped the book. Chilly and Custard each clutched the arms of his chair. George got unsteadily to his feet.

"It's—it's down cellar!" he gasped.

"Somebody—"

Bump—bumpety-bump, bump!

"It's somebody,"—Jinky's voice broke,— "somebody coming up the stairs!"

Bump—bumpety-bump, bump! With hands that were cold and trembling George picked up the poker.

Bump—bumpety-bump—scrape! Silence. Bump—bump—scra-a-pe! Then footsteps on the porch.

"T-t-two of them!" said George between chattering teeth. Crossing the floor to the door leading to the dining-room, he pulled it open and stepped quickly inside. The others crowded in after him. He pushed the door shut and turned the key in the lock. "Shall I switch on the light, Jinky?"

"No!"

There in the darkness the four stood perfectly still, each breathing through his mouth. The scraping and bumping continued and grew louder.

Presently they heard it in the living-room, first at one side, then scrape, bump, scrape, across to the other, and then bumpety-bump, toward the door to the dining-room! George backed up quick and heard Chilly gasp as his elbow came into contact with Chilly's stomach.

Scrape—bump, bump! The four boys were on the verge of panic. At that moment they heard the front door bang and then Splinter's voice in the living-room:

"Hey, you, what you doing up here! You got a nerve!"

George was so dumfounded that he dropped the poker. Splinter! Splinter talking

like that to—a burglar! George turned his head; he could see the eyes of his companions shining in the darkness and knew that all three were looking at him in amazement.

"That's—that's Splinter!" gasped Jinky. The doorknob rattled. "Hey, George, you in there? What's the idea? What you guys been doing to him?"

George moistened his lips. Then with fingers that still trembled he unlocked the door and pushed it slowly open. There stood his small brother with chin thrust forward, and behind him the dog house with a brown head protruding from the door and four legs holding the house off the ground. George swallowed hard.

At sight of the four pairs of wide, staring eyes and the white faces against the dark background of the room Splinter's indignation suddenly vanished. He grinned. "Jinks, my pup scared you!" he cried. "Didn't he scare you? Didn't he? Eyah!"

It would have been useless to have denied it. The four boys stepped sheepishly into the living-room. "Your pup?" repeated George. "How—how long have you had him? And that—house?"

"Came this afternoon," said Splinter. "Built the house myself. Had him down cellar. Going to tell you, only you chirped how fresh I was!" Ripping off the crosspiece, he released his pet.

"Oh!" said George, and after a pause added: "Well, it's a fact he did scare us. Who wouldn't be scared? We—we thought it was—you know, somebody had got in the house."

Splinter grinned again; he couldn't resist being facetious. "That's a smart dog. He knew there was going to be a house party, so he thought he'd come and bring his house along!"

Of course, she had been absolutely right. Yet strangely enough even now in her contemplation of the splendid report files she remembered the disappointed little faces. "Success seems to cost so much," she thought rather wistfully.

She went on puzzling about some of these things as she placed the report cards in her school bag the next morning—the last morning of the term. "I'm glad these final marks are so good," she cheered herself. "Mr. Morris hasn't said a word about signing the contract for next year, but it doesn't seem as if there could be any objection to hiring me again."

On her way to school Leta stopped beside the fence where the trustee, Mr. Morris, would turn his team at the end of the corner. "Are you ready to sign a contract for next year?" she asked as he pulled his steaming horses to a halt.

"Why, I don't know." He took off his hat and looked away across the wooded hills.

"There is no objection to my having the school again, is there?"

"Why, I don't know," said the man again. "I've called a meeting for tonight to decide what is best to be done. You can stay over if you choose, or I can send you word how it comes out."

"I have fine reports, and the children have done good work, but no one knows what we have accomplished." A note of grievance crept into the young teacher's voice. "No one has been to school to see what we have been doing."

"Folks don't have time," said the man evenly. "They don't go to school much except for holiday exercises—and there haven't been any this year."

"That seems to me a poor time to visit the school. Hearing children sing and recite amusing dialogues gives very little idea of their real educational attainments. I weighed all these facts and decided that the children's actual work was of more importance this year. As to the real school, I feel certain no one can say we have not had a satisfactory one—good records, good discipline, lessons learned."

"Some think Henry Bailey might have been kept in school," suggested the trustee.

"It—it did not seem that way to me. He is beyond compulsory age. He disturbed the other children. We had a much better school without him."

"It isn't regular, I know," Mr. Morris changed the subject. "But come to the meeting tonight if you want to. Perhaps you will have a chance to tell them what you have done."

He replaced his hat and began gathering up his lines. Leta, knowing he had said all he had to say, walked on toward the little white schoolhouse at the foot of the long hill.

Stepping-Stones

By ALICE MARGARET ASHTON

Illustrated by W. L. CAFFREY

TO Leta Spencer the Thorne Hill school existed principally as a stepping-stone. Leta believed in success with all her ardent young being. She likewise believed that the surest way to success was by a straight line steadfastly followed.

"Know what you want and go after it," she had said to her mother. Leta had heard some one whom she greatly admired say this, and she believed it to be unquestionably true.

"Now, I know what I want, mother," she had said. "I want a college education. And I want a literary career."

"Well, my land!" had been Mrs. Spencer's exclamation at this sweeping disclosure. Thinking of her own limitations and those of her kindly, easy-going husband, she wondered how it could be possible that they should possess a child who aspired to a literary career! However, she had not the slightest doubt that, if Leta set out to be an author, she would ultimately attain her goal. She even had a fleeting mental picture of rows of magazines on bookstands with "Leta Spencer" across the covers in impressive announcement. Then her mind turned unerringly, as mothers' minds always must, to the practical problems presented. College would mean added expenses. Of course, Leta must go to college, if that was the first step toward authorship. But getting her through the teachers' training school while young Tom was in high and little Betty in the grades had proved something of a pull on the family purse.

"But you needn't fear that I'm planning to take it out on you and daddy," Leta had assured her mother almost as if reading her apprehension. "What I propose to do is to go out into the country, get a school for two years and start in at college two years later but with money enough to see me through without exceeding my rightful share of help from home. I've already spoken to the superintendent about a school. He says there is a vacancy at Thorne Hill. I thought possibly father could drive out with me Saturday afternoon to see about it."

"Thorne Hill? Why, that is six miles away back in the country," her mother had remonstrated. "If you must teach, why not get a school here in town?"

"Because there isn't a vacancy, for one thing. And because I am not sure it would be for the best, for another. Up there in the country there will be no distractions. I shall not be tempted to fritter away my money or squander my time. I mean to get a boarding-place where I can have a quiet room for study. I'll get the prescribed course for college preparation, and I'll do a year's study with my two-years' school work."

On the following Saturday afternoon Leta and Mr. Spencer returned from their drive

with a signed contract for the Thorne Hill school for forty weeks at twenty-five dollars a week. "What do you know about that, mother, for a little slip of a girl like our Leta? A thousand dollars for forty weeks!" Mr. Spencer said proudly.

"But I have to give eight dollars a week for my board," Leta admitted. "The usual price is six, but I insisted upon a warm room where I can study, and the landlady said that meant giving up her parlor and keeping an extra fire. Anyway, it is worth the two dollars extra. I mean to begin practicing on literary productions, and perhaps I can sell enough to pay for the parlor. I'll give them a good school, of course, because I mean to earn my salary and because I shall in all probability want the school next year—it will be easier than 'breaking in' a new one. But the Thorne Hill school is virtually just a stepping-stone to my professional career!"

Leta had felt a conscious thrill at the turn of that sentence. "A stepping-stone to my professional career" had a finished ring and rhythm. Perhaps she did really possess literary ability! What she needed, then, was time and determination—things, fortunately, that she had in unlimited quantity.

Leta's predictions regarding her teaching had come near to fulfillment, and now her first year in the Thorne Hill school was all but finished. There remained only the last day of the term and the signing of next year's contract to bring it to a triumphant termination. That it had proved a financial success was attested by the fact that almost the entire amount of her salary—minus board—already reposed to her credit in the local savings bank. That the school had been a success was as surely attested by the neat files of examination papers and report cards bearing a surprisingly high percentage of creditable marks. Leta was equally well satisfied with the stories she had written and the progress she had made in her studies.

Yet in spite of all these satisfactory results, she had often been conscious of a feeling of dissatisfaction. Success looked as alluring as ever, and she still believed that the only road by which it could be reached was an undeviating one marked by such mile-stones as perseverance, efficiency and hard work. "But I believed it would be pleasanter traveling," she had sometimes

thought rather forlornly. "I never supposed successful people paid such a tremendous price for their success!" Hard work she had expected, to be sure, but it was to have been accompanied by the joy and satisfaction of achievement, not by the feeling she had often experienced of having missed something by the wayside! It had never been easy on a dreary winter-afternoon to ignore Mrs. Thorne's invitation to "sit a spell" in the cosy kitchen. It had not been easy of an evening to turn her back upon the pleasant circle in the Thorne living-room and face lonely hours of study.

OCCASIONALLY in sheer need of comfort Leta had pored over her files of school reports. "The children have done well—they simply never did better," she had assured herself. "Mary Lester possesses positive genius. Her people ought to be impressed with the importance of giving that child a chance." Sometimes at sight of the little girl's wistful eyes, Leta had determined to visit her parents and become better acquainted with the conditions and circumstances of the child's home life. "But you just cannot begin it," caution had advised her. "If you visit in one home you must visit in all. There isn't time!"

Henry Bailey, too, had proved a disturbing element. He was the "big boy" who had been an increasingly annoying problem to his last half-dozen teachers. Leta had flatly refused to be annoyed; she had expelled him. "It wasn't fair to the other children to have him disturb the school," she had repeatedly assured herself. "The right and efficient thing to do was to expel him. And yet—I wonder! Mrs. Thorne says he's never had anyone who really cared for him."

"Why," she had sometimes asked herself impatiently, "do I need to keep wondering about a thing when I know it is right?" She thought often of the questions the children occasionally asked her. "Teacher, are we going to have a Christmas tree?" "Shall we have a concert before Easter?" "Last year we had a picnic on the last day of school."

"Not this year," Leta had explained. "You come to school for education. Last year, I am afraid by the appearance of your reports, you put more time on concerts and picnics than you did on your lessons. This year we have to make that up. There isn't time for everything, you know."

"It is lucky I stopped and talked with him," she decided. "I shall stay over and attend that meeting tonight. I'll show them the reports and explain what the children really have done. I want this school another year; I've got everything going so nicely, now. And I like my boarding-place." The Thorne Hill school appeared more desirable than ever before.

THE last day of school passed pleasantly. Leta relented and in lieu of the hoped-for picnic provided a surprise treat of fruit and candy at the noon lunch.

Little Norman Winters hung disconsolately about her desk. He was an appealing little fellow with an affliction of the ears which rendered him partly deaf. Leta had adopted more successful methods of teaching him than his previous teachers had done, and the child had responded by learning with astonishing rapidity and by giving her a sort of dumb worship. He seemed to find the other children's play confusing and spent most of the recess hours beside his teacher's desk, playing happily with various fascinating things which she kept there especially for him. But today all these things had been packed for the return to town and the child stood about miserably, asking an occasional wistful question. "Why in the world do not his parents give him proper medical attention?" Leta wondered impatiently. "He'd be a bright child with half a chance. Seems as if there ought to be some one interested enough to help such a case."

The last lessons came to a happy termination. Books were packed. The final report cards were handed to the pupils. "You have a very excellent record, Mary," Leta said cordially as she gave the little Lester girl her card. To herself she added, "That child ought to have a chance—if only some one were interested."

But Leta had other weighty things to think of just then besides little Mary Lester's chances for an advanced education—this strange uneasy feeling that would persist when she thought about the school contract, for instance.

"Of course, the parents do not understand," she assured herself as she toiled up the long Thorne Hill in the hot afternoon sun. "It pays to do one's work honestly. I can make out a report that I feel certain will convince them. It might be a good idea to fix up a program for next year as well and add holiday entertainments."

Any teacher might have felt a glow of satisfaction over the summary that Leta carried to the meeting that evening. She felt quite confident and happy as she entered the familiar building, which seemed surprisingly filled with men, women and children who were but dimly revealed by the inadequate light of two or three oil lanterns.

LETA had expected, as a matter of course, to stand behind her desk, call the attention of the audience to the work her pupils had done and convince them of her efficiency. But as she entered Mr. Morris was already reading a financial statement of the school year. "Teacher's wages, one thousand dollars," he read. "Coal, one hundred and forty dollars. Floor oil—" Leta slipped noiselessly into a chair near the door.

"I have read this report," he explained at the end of a long list of minor items, "that you might have an idea what it has cost to run the school this year. Expenses would doubtless be about the same for another year. The teacher is willing to sign up again, I understand, for the same wages. I'd like to have the opinion of everyone present."

The trustee ceased speaking, and there was silence in the packed room except for a restless, uncomfortable stirring. "What did the Schell district offer to take our children for?" inquired a tall man at the back of the room.

"Five hundred dollars," answered Mr. Morris. "We to see to our own transportation problems."

Again silence. Then another man, whom Leta did not at first recognize as Mary Les-

ter's father, stood up. "I have no fault to find with the school—my little girl learned fine, never better. I hate the idea of giving up our own school. But I don't see where all the money is to come from to keep it running this year!"

Murmurs began all over the room. Leta could not understand much of it, yet she somehow knew they were agreeing with him. One man spoke of the price of milk; and the teacher realized with sudden insight that the lower price for milk must seriously affect the income of these producers.

Some one else mentioned the late frost, and a sort of groan seemed wrung from the whole assemblage. Leta recalled the excitement on the morning of the memorable frost, although she had not paid much attention at the time. Even the children had talked about

makes life as pleasant for him as it does for you. It had seemed to her that the only good in her, the only satisfaction in service, must come through material success. She had imagined herself as a great woman in her community who was destined to become a great woman in the history of her country. It had seemed that there was nothing which life could not bring her if only she worked hard enough. It never occurred to her to consider how this ambition might not only injure the feelings of the men and women around her but seriously affect their material destinies.

For Leta this was a great climax. It was a chance to redeem herself and atone for the unconscious selfishness which had so long been dominating her whole life.

She found herself upon her feet beside the

the mothers would be the first to agree to anything!

"I'm willing enough to do my share," a drab little woman in a front seat said at last. "But I can't furnish a nice warm room for study as Mrs. Thorne has done."

"Oh," remonstrated Leta, "I wouldn't expect that! I wouldn't expect anything different in any way from what you usually do."

"Then," said the woman quickly, "I'd like to have you come; and I guess little Norman will just about die of joy!"

Mary Lester came forward, her small face glowing. Everyone seemed to be drawing nearer.

"We could plan it so that you board near the schoolhouse in bad weather," some one suggested.

"I would build the fire every morning," Henry Bailey offered eagerly. "Then it would be just as warm when the teacher and little fellows got here as if we had coal."

Henry Bailey was the boy who had been expelled for bad behavior! Leta smiled at him gratefully.

"We'd have to provide something above the five hundred for transportation," Mr. Morris said thoughtfully. "That amount could go to the teacher in this case."

"I'd like to sign up for five hundred and my board," Leta insisted. "If there is anything left after the other necessary expenses are paid, we can see about it later."

No one said much. But the children crept closer to watch their teacher put her name to the new contract. "We're glad you are coming back," they said to her. "We like our own school best, and we like you best."

"I like you best, too," Leta smiled warmly. "That is why I am trying all these ways to keep our school. Why, I just shouldn't know how to get along with strange children who might not behave so well or make such good grades!" And one mother and another said: "Come to our house any time it suits you best, teacher. You'll be welcome any time."

And so ended the negotiations. A thrill of satisfaction came to her such as she had not experienced in weeks. Truly, giving was more enjoyable than receiving.

These were such good people around her, so honest, candid, straightforward in their dealings with her!

"After all this," she said to Mrs. Thorne, "I don't think you could drive me away even by refusing me any salary at all."

"Oh, Leta," cried Mrs. Thorne. It was the first time that any of the village people had called her by her first name.

PRESENTLY Leta started up the hill with Mrs. Thorne, her new contract in her pocket. "I'll really not be much out," she was thinking. "And perhaps this year some editor may forget to send a rejection slip!"

"You can always come and stay with us on stormy nights," Mrs. Thorne said rather breathlessly, for the hill was steep.

Leta moved over and took the good lady by the arm. "I'm going to like boarding round tremendously well, I know, Mrs. Thorne. But I'm going to be homesick for my old boarding-place, too; so I may come oftener than you imagine," she answered.

"Good land," exclaimed Mrs. Thorne in a pleased voice, "you'll be welcome, I'm sure. But it seems a pity for you to be losing so much money—four dollars and a half a week, isn't it?"

"Oh, I'll get part of it back," Leta answered easily. And to herself she said with a secret amusement new to her: "I guess I shall be the only girl in college who ever went through a 'black' frost and boarded round to keep her school from going to pieces!"

"Isn't all this going to interfere dreadfully with your studying and your writing and everything?" persisted Mrs. Thorne.

"I doubt it," answered Leta cheerfully. "To tell you the truth, Mrs. Thorne, I rather expect it may turn out to be—another stepping-stone!"



"Are you ready to sign a contract for next year?" she asked as he pulled his steaming horses to a halt.

"Why, I don't know." He took off his hat and looked away across the wooded hills

it for days afterward. "It killed all our corn," one child had announced with the satisfaction a child feels in making an announcement, even of calamity. "Every single spear, pretty near! Pa doesn't know what he is going to do."

Some subconsciousness brought back to the listening girl a picture of those days of early spring: sweating, lagging teams and sweating, weary men, crossing and recrossing the soft fields; Mr. Thorne's uncomplaining comment at the supper-table, "Spring's work is the hardest of the year for men and horses"; Mrs. Thorne's hurried trips of mercy to the barn with her sponge and bucket of clean water to wash the horses' sore shoulders and to sponge clean their gritty collar-pads; the anxious discussions about the price of seed corn and the probability of rain; the rows of green sprouts peeping through the dark earth, heralding the patient, persistent cultivating. And then the killing frost at an unwanted date. And the fields of blackened grain!

Why, it meant that all that bitter labor and expensive seed had been wasted. It meant worse than a mere loss of grain, because feed must perhaps be bought for the cows. This calamity had befallen nearly every farm in the district, and Leta had given it scarcely a thought!

"Oh, but I have been selfish," Leta cried to herself. "How could I have been so thoughtless?"

Suddenly for the first time in many months she saw herself as she really was, in her true colors. How utterly self-seeking she had been!

So strongly had the voice of ambition called her that she had completely lost all sense of perspective, of balance, of that kindly relation with one's fellow man which

table. Words seemed to crowd into her throat. The faces before her looked dim and remote. Her impeccable report had slipped to the floor forgotten. Something brushed against her side and she saw little Norman Winters looking up at her questioningly. She put her arm about the child, and he nestled against her happily.

"Oh, we can't close the school!" she cried. "What could little children like this do over in that strange school? How could they get there in stormy weather?" Of all the eyes looking at her now, she seemed to see only little Mary Lester's, wistful, questioning, eager. "Couldn't we keep the school for the children if we all tried together? There's the hundred dollars and over for coal. I asked for coal because it is handier to use, and I supposed it made no difference what we had. But couldn't you furnish the wood out of your own woodlots and save the price of fuel? I paid eight dollars for my board. Couldn't you take turns boarding me and deduct the eight dollars a week from the school budget? If you will do that, I'll sign up for the five hundred you will have to give the Schell district."

MR. MORRIS stepped to the teacher's side and broke the silence that followed her words. "That's a sensible suggestion about the fuel," he said. "We could give wood and labor this year when we couldn't furnish money to buy fuel and hire it hauled here from town. I'll gladly give my share." All over the dusky room other men nodded gravely in agreement.

"The boarding question is more up to the women-folks, I'd say," the trustee added, with a smile.

Silence again. Leta wondered if anyone was ever going to speak. Why, she supposed

WE lay sixteen battleships to anchor in Guantanamo Bay, not to mention five times as many auxiliary craft, and every battleship and a race crew in training for what the Fleet called the Big Trophy.

Twice a day our race crew would go out for a practice row. They were given short dashes to develop speed in the morning, and a long hard drag—four, six, sometimes eight or ten miles—to improve their wind and stamina in the afternoon.

Our race crew sat in to no training table, nor did any other crew in the Fleet. They had their meals with their shipmates at the regular mess, and they stood their duty watches in training even as when out of training. What massaging was given them they gave themselves with a cantine towel after their shower in the bow of the ship, and what coaching they got came from their coxswain, Mr. Derwent,—Ensign Derwent,—who did his best to pass on to them what had been passed on to him in the way of rowing lore when he was one of the middy crew at Annapolis.

One of our race crew was a lad called Carrot. He was from some inland state, and when he first came aboard he used to speak of the ship's rail as the fence and the double bottoms as the cellar. He was several weeks aboard before he got over speaking of going up and down stairs instead of above or below. The race-boat crew were all a likeable lot, but I was keeping a special eye on Carrot, regarding myself as his patron in an athletic way. I had noticed him at small-boat drill one day, and, bunking as I was in the wardroom country, I had ready access to the ship's athletic officer. I spoke to him of Carrot.

"That lad!" said the athletic officer. "Why, he came off a farm out West. I believe in boys who have some sea ancestry in them for race-boat men." Despite what he said he began to take notice of Carrot, and by and by gave him a chance in the race boat; and there Carrot made good so fast that at this time he was being spoken of as the next probable stroke oar.

It was the custom of the Battle Fleet to hold their boat races at seven o'clock in the morning, and on Saturday mornings usually. On this particular Saturday, the race-boat crew rolled out of their hammocks to the call of reveille, which was at half past five, a pretty early hour some of them thought who had stood an anchor watch the night before. However, that was part of navy life, race crew or no race crew. They stowed their hammocks and bedding, had a quick wash, some a shave, and helped themselves to a cup of coffee from one of the huge copper pots which hung from hooks on the berth deck. Some had two cups, and a few hustled to the ship's galley to grab off a little snack, a ham or egg sandwich, to hold them up in the long, hard race to come.

It was quarter past six, full time to be shoving off for a starting line that was nearly three miles away. The race boat was waiting at the gangway, as was also Mr. Derwent to check them off as they passed down the ladder from the quarter-deck. One of the ships' steamers took them in tow. Such of the crew as were not on duty below decks gave them a cheer going away. Down the line of moored battleships were a dozen other race boats under tow.

Presently we could make out the race boats being moved into position for the start. There being no tide or current of any account in Guantanamo, one position was as good as another.

Two ships' steamers with many signal flags flying came hurrying down the line to clear the course. There was an easy job. There were twenty thousand people waiting for the race to start, but they were aboard

the ships of the Fleet, not surging around the upper works of excursion craft that did not know just where to post themselves to afford their paying customers a good look.

Our ship's crew by now, such of them as could get clear of duty, were crowding the rail, swarming the turrets and after bridge, perching themselves on any space high or low that offered a view of the course. On every ship the crew was swarming and crowding to have a look.

From some ship up near the starting line a gun boomed. Before we heard the boom of it we could make out the tiny splashes of white water on the smooth dark sea. That we knew to be the racing crews digging in with their oars to get under quick headway.

Every race boat being the same size and design and all painted the same dull gray, and the starting line so far away, we could only guess at which was our boat even with glasses. At that distance and coming almost head on to us, they looked like so many water centipedes crawling over the sea. There were thirteen men in each boat, twelve sitting two by two on the thwarts, and the coxswain standing up in the stern, steering.

There were sixteen boats in the race, and the sixteen units of twelve oars each were dipping into the sea. The effect was of a countless number of oars dipping and lifting out, of numberless arms and bodies bending forward and moving back, all at frantic speed. Navy boats have no sliding seats; hence the stroke is much faster than in racing shells of the college type.

Half the Battle Fleet lay to one side of the racing lane, half to the other. As the boats breasted a ship, or just before they breasted a ship, say, that ship's crew would begin to cheer, meaning to encourage the boats collectively but intending a special encouragement to their own boat. While the ships were cheering their bands were also playing, usually the brassiest thing they knew.

THE four-mile course was straightaway. The race boats were long and narrow, sweetly modeled craft; but also they were strongly braced and planked, meant for service and weighing close to eighteen hundred pounds. That weight of a boat over a four-mile course with no tide or current to aid

made it a tough race to be rowing before breakfast.

The racing boats were approaching our place in the line. Our boat, we could see, was now in fourth place. We identified her first by the figure of Mr. Derwent in the stern. He was standing up, swaying backward and forward from his hips, as was every other coxswain, giving his crew the stroke, not forgetting at the same time to have an eye to his nearest rivals or to continue coaching his men—speaking now softly, now loudly, praising or bawling them out, anything to get just a bit more out of them.

Our boat moved into third place, and as she did our crew and band united in a tumultuous roar and blare of welcome. As she breasted us she crawled up even with the second boat, this no doubt in response to our mighty greeting. We shouted the name of this one and that one as they drove on by, but no man of them looked up. Their eyes were fixed on Mr. Derwent in the stern of the boat. The wardroom officers gave him a special cheer as he passed, but if he heard it he gave no sign. He had no time to be noticing anything but the Missalama, champion of the Fleet, she two lengths ahead and still hitting up a frightful stroke—fifty-one to the minute.

"Fifty-one!" our fellows repeated to each other when told it. "They can't keep it up—they can't!"

But they were keeping it up. They had shorter oars and narrower blades than the others, which made the high stroke possible.

The racing boats, one after the other, passed on. It was now the ships to the left of the line, the third and fourth divisions, that were making all the noise. The Missalama was in the third division. A blind man could have told when the Missalama's boat passed her. They made even more noise than we did. Surely proud of their race crew they were, and they had a right to be. "Tough birds to lick," our fellows were saying of them now; and they were.

And yet they were licked this day. We could get only a sort of end view of the finish. We knew it was close by the way ships which had no boat up front were shouting. We believed our boat was closing

up on the Missalama's, but we could not tell for sure. We kept glasses glued on them both to note which first stopped rowing, the sign that she had crossed the line.

Both boats stopped practically together. It must have been a tough race. We could see both crews leaning over the gunnels, splashing shipmates with water. We waited for the signal number of the winner. It went up at last, and, man, it was ours!

Whom! Our fellows were going four bells and the jingle now. The bandmaster assembled his scattered forces. Most ships of the Fleet had a favorite tune. Ours was "Honey Boy," and our band was still banging away at it when our race boat came back to the ship in tow of our steamer.

They showed signs of what they had been through, but it is true that a winner recovers more quickly than a loser. The Missalama's race crew—we could see them—dragged themselves wearily up the port ladder, but ours—they came bounding up like mountain goats. They went forward for their shower bath—when their shipmates would let them, that is—and then sat in to breakfast. They ate like wolves, even the most weary ones.

Two bottles all round of ginger ale and the compliments of the wardroom arrived during breakfast.

THE Big Trophy itself went to the ship, hers to have and to hold for just so long as she could keep any other ship from taking it away. The ginger ale was the wardroom's way of saying: "You rowed a great race. You brought honor to the ship. We're proud of you." The ginger ale was symbolic. The race crew accepted it so and, sending back a message of thanks, gulped it down.

I made mention early, not without a cunning purpose, of a young fellow called Carrot. After the race, he had to forego a full breakfast, as did two or three others of his race mates, to stand a watch. The sight of his bright red head mounting a top-deck ladder incited me to hunt up our athletic officer and say to him:

"Remember that lad Carrot in the race crew? He comes of three generations of farmer stock. He never saw the ocean until he was eighteen years old; he never had an oar in his hand until a year later; he was two months on shipboard—so he told me once—before he knew which was the race boat and which the captain's gig hanging from the after davits."

"Well?"

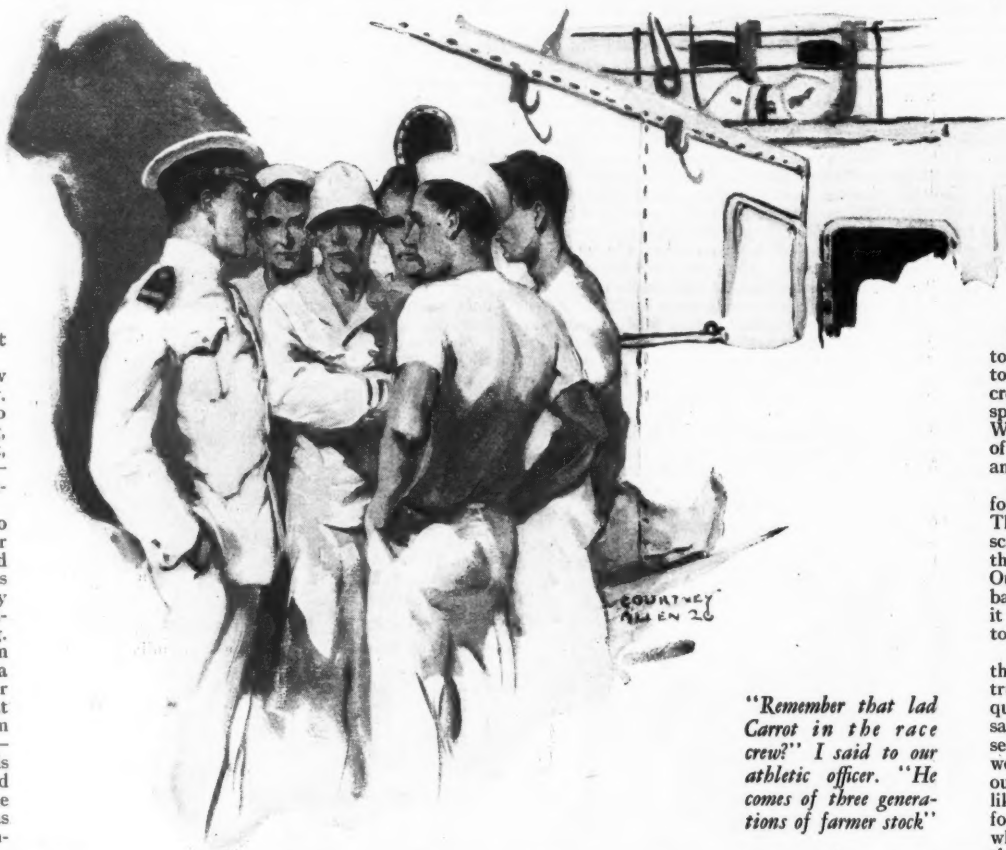
"Carrot is now one of the best oars in the race boat, Derwent says, and his division officer says he is one of the nearest things to a real sailor in the ship's company."

"Keep shooting. Then what?"

"Remember we had a discussion once about recruits who had a seafaring ancestry, but no liking for sea things, and recruits who had no seafaring ancestry but did care for the sea? We argued as to which kind would make the better sailor under training. How do you account for Carrot and his kind?"

"Carrot? Three generations of farmers and no seafaring blood in him? Huh! The three generations here proves he has. His people had to cross the ocean to get here, didn't they? And they didn't cross in any twenty or forty thousand ton steamer. They came in some dinky little hooker. They had to,—there was no other kind then,—which means they weren't too scared of the sea; and if they didn't have seafaring blood in 'em somewhere, wouldn't they have been scared? You'll have to go back more than three generations to show me. Do you know, I think our country's full of the makings of good sailormen, but we don't know it."

And that ended that argument, but, however the argument ended, it was a whale of a boat race.



The Big Trophy

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

"Remember that lad Carrot in the race crew?" I said to our athletic officer. "He comes of three generations of farmer stock"

A KNOCK sounded at the door. "Come in!" called Mr. Huckins. "I wonder who's come, ma?" young Sid asked Mrs. Huckins.

Mr. Huckins shuffled across the kitchen in his felt slippers and opened the door. A breath of crystal-cold New Hampshire air hit him in the face and drifted through the room past Sid into the darkened front parlor. A short, fat friendly-looking man walked into the house, and after him a woman, and after her a girl who looked about thirteen years old.

"Why, good evening, neighbor," said Mr. Huckins to the fat man, "good evening, Mrs. Willoughby. Evening, young lady," he added to the girl.

Young Sid said good evening to the visitors civilly, pulled up a chair for Mrs. Willoughby and retired to a far corner of the kitchen. In a moment Mr. Huckins and Mr. Willoughby came over in his direction, and sat down on a sofa to talk. The women-folks remained on the far side of the room.

"We're glad to see a new face," said Mrs. Huckins to her guest. "I'm sure we shall like having you for neighbors."

"I like this part of the country," said Mrs. Willoughby. "People say it's lonely 'way up here so far from a town, but I don't mind living on a farm."

"We've done it twenty-five years," said Mrs. Huckins, "and, I hope and pray that we'll do it twenty-five more. And what's your name?" she asked, turning to the girl.

"My name's Anne," said the girl. At this moment there was a lull in the men's conversation across the room, and Sid happened to hear the girl say that her name was Anne. The information did not interest him. Sid was fifteen, and Sid did not care whether the young lady's name was Anne or Jane or Hetty or any other name. A thirteen-year-old girl, to Sid's way of thinking, was just about as uninteresting an article as you could find anywhere. He didn't mind letting any girl know he thought so.

This Anne girl was his latest dislike. She and her folks had arrived on the farm next door last month, from somewhere down south—from Pennsylvania, some one had said.

Sid's first comment upon the girl next door was to a boy friend of his, "Why didn't she stay in Pennsylvania?"

And here the whole family of them, girl and all, were right in his kitchen, paying a visit. The girl looked scrawny and awkward, like a broiler chicken. She didn't look as if she were good for anything.

Just then, Mrs. Willoughby said: "Mrs. Huckins, I hope your boy and my little girl are going to be real friends."

"Oh, I'm *that* sure they will!" said Sid's mother.

Sid wanted to grab a rubber boot off the floor and throw it across the room. The idea! Wanting him to "be real friends" with a good-for-nothing girl! A dubious rumble came from somewhere in his throat, suggestive of a horse stirring in a stall. The girl looked at him with wide-open eyes, and said nothing.

"Our last neighbors died winter before last," said Mr. Huckins. "Since then there's been nobody within three-quarters of a mile of us."

"That so?" said Mr. Willoughby, with a wheeze in his voice, occasioned no doubt by his fatness. "Isn't that fine, now! I tell you, it means a lot to have good, honest folk for neighbors."

"Yessir," said Mr. Huckins. "Neighbors can make a place or they can break a place, and I'm sure we're glad to have you near us."

After some more conversation, the Willoughbys rose to go home. When Anne said good night to Mrs. Huckins, she came forward to perform a curtsy, and, tripping on the edge of a rag rug, she almost fell down.

A deep, triumphant gurgle of suppressed joy was heard in Sid's direction. A moment later the door slammed, and the neighbors were gone. Sid could hold in no longer. Bursting out into a loud roar of mirth, he cried: "Pa, did you see that! Haw! What was she trying to do, butt ma like a goat?"

"Hush up and be still," said Mrs. Huckins; "just because you've never seen a girl curtsy before, boy, don't behave like a silly lout." Sid subsided.

"And you've got to be nice to Anne," added Mrs. Huckins. "She's your neighbor, Sid. Don't forget that, now."

"If you *should* forget it by any chance," murmured Mr. Huckins in a not unpleasant voice, "I reckon that I can take pains to make you remember, young feller."

"I don't see what all the fuss about neighbors is for," persisted Sid. "What do you

At Hawk's Beak

By BARKLIE HENRY

Illustrated by CLARENCE ROWE

know about the Willoughbys anyway? Why do I have to ruin my fun being nice to that girl just because she's my neighbor? They're new here. They're not our friends—"

"Well, they're going to be," said Mr. Huckins. "That fat Mr. Willoughby's all right. I worked in logging camps fifteen springs, and I know a good man from a bad man when I see one. That Willoughby's a good man, and they're good people."

"And neighbors are everything," said Mrs. Huckins. "Don't you ever talk that way again, Sid. Life isn't anything without neighbors that you can get along with."

Sid was an obedient son, prepared to do what his mother wanted. But it did not seem to him that it was so important to be nice to your next-door neighbors—especially to their thirteen-year-old daughters.

All this took place on an evening in early December.

From time to time afterwards Sid met the neighbor's daughter on the lane that led to the village, but he managed to conclude the encounter in each case with a brief nod.



Sid figured that he ought to come out on the road at exactly the same time as the sled with Anne on it. His figuring was not wrong

Sid's idea of the proper way to greet a thirteen-year-old girl was to glance at her out of one eye without turning his head, or removing his cap, and grunting, like a bull in a pasture warning you to keep your distance.

ONCE SID had the bad fortune to pass the Willoughby farm just as she was setting out in his direction. He had to walk half a mile with her to the general store and post office. But she walked on one side of the lane, and he walked on the other.

She said, "It's lovely up here when it begins to snow."

Sid answered, "Shucks, I hate it." She said, "Are there many winter sports up here? Snowshoeing looks fun."

Sid answered, "Snowshoeing's not a sport; any fellow knows that."

"What else do you do, then, for fun?"

"Coasting," said Sid. "But the real sport's skiing."

"I bet you can ski well."

Sid looked across at her contemptuously. "Oh, shut up!" he said.

"I'm sorry," she said. "We're just neighbors, that's all."

"All right then," said Sid, not knowing what was expected of him exactly. The rest of the walk was made in silence.

When they arrived at the store, Sid walked in first and saw one of his bosom pals, the storekeeper's towheaded son. Anne saw him grin broadly, and exclaimed, "Hello, kid! How's everything?"

Anne wished somebody would treat her like that—like a real pal.

When the time came to return from the store, Sid made a pretense of asking the prices of some canned goods which he had no intention of buying, so that he would not have to walk back with "the broiler," as he now called her among all his friends.

Meanwhile the Willoughbys and the Huckinses became more and more friendly.

be tied to apron strings all your life. Plenty of time for that later."

Sid could never tell whether Mr. Willoughby was joking or serious. But he felt that Mr. Willoughby understood him, and that Mr. Willoughby didn't expect him to be too polite to Anne.

But Sid's mother and father never seemed to understand him in this matter. They kept telling him that he was rude. Sid's mother even suggested once that he should bring some of the younger village boys to the Willoughbys' house some day and introduce them to her, in a perfectly natural way.

Sid thought that this was the funniest thing he had ever heard. "Why, she even thinks snowshoeing is a sport!" he told his mother. Fortunately, Mr. Huckins intervened.

"No," he said. "Boys Sid's age don't want to meet Willoughby's daughter. That'd be asking too much of Sid, and I guess the gal wouldn't care much. She's made a lot of friends in the village already."

EARLY in January, the snow was thick in the fields. By the middle of the month the whole countryside was banked and blanketed, and many of the roads were impassable to any vehicle except a sledge drawn by two stout horses. It was one of those winters when a perfect crust formed early on the northern slopes of the hills and gave every sign of remaining there as long as the snow itself.

In the afternoons many of the village boys found time between their duties to try their skill and courage in all the sports that are available where there is good snow. There were coasting parties, and two families in the village owned large bobsleds, which the boys and men dragged to the top of one of the lumber roads. They could coast in it nearly a mile, through the woods, down along breakneck curves, zigzagging through the trees, out into a meadow, across a covered bridge, and nearly three hundred yards along a highway.

They used this road so much and tended it with such loving care that before February came in the road was almost a solid sheet of ice from top to bottom, and daily the coasting became more dangerous, and the bobsledding in the two big heavy sleds, practically out of the question.

A few rash souls sought to alleviate the danger by sprinkling the worst curves heavily with cinders and gravel. Even then, it seemed impossible to sprinkle enough so that it slowed up the sleds coming round the corners without tipping them over.

At last one night, when the owner of one of the bobsleds called a halt, the owner of the other, who was the daredevil of the town, —a young man who had been brought up without much restraint, and never used any,—decided that the bobsledding was too good to miss.

Without much difficulty, he collected six of his friends, and they dragged their sled by moonlight to the top of the icy lumber road.

Nobody was there to see them, but it was a still, cold night, and sound carried a long way. The hill that the road was on lay behind the Huckins place. Just about this time, Sid happened to be standing out in front of the shed, carrying an armful of wood which his mother had asked him to bring in for the stove.

In the silence of the winter, he heard very clearly the grinding ring of the steel runners of a bobsled rounding a corner on the hill, and he immediately knew who it must be.

"Well, I'll be!" he whistled. "Who'd thought they'd be fool enough—"

The ringing died, away for a second, as the distant sled struck a straight stretch, and skidded downward, unretarded, at an ever-increasing speed. Sid knew that road like a book.

"They're coming to the Hawk's Beak!" Hawk's Beak was the name they had given the worst bend in the whole road, near the beginning.

In an instant he heard the grinding again, gradually sharpening. Would the sled get around? All at once there was an empty space in the grinding, then a rending crash, and the sound of wild shouting. Then Sid couldn't hear anything at all.

Sid rushed into the house.

"Sled's smashed at the Hawk's Beak!"

Mr. Huckins was running up the cowpath which turned into the lumber road at the top of the hill. According to a shouted order from his father, Sid was snowshoeing lickety-split down the road towards the Willoughbys' house to get Mr. Willoughby. He burst into the Willoughbys' kitchen unannounced.

He told Mr. Willoughby, who jumped out of his felt slippers and into his boots and on to his snowshoes in remarkably fast time for a fat man, and before he knew it he and Mr. Willoughby were dashing up the road together toward the scene of the accident.

Sid never noticed Anne's face when he burst into the Willoughby's kitchen. If he had, he would have been sorry that he could not have told Mr. Willoughby more privately. Even Anne, who was no expert on the subject, knew that a bobsled which missed the curve at the Hawk's Beak would shoot off over the edge of the road down fifteen feet, and smash against a pile of boulders a thousand times harder and thicker than a telephone pole.

Sid and the two men found that bobsled in about a hundred pieces. As for the town daredevil, he was discovered lying upside down, with his head jutting right against the side of the boulder where it had struck.

"It would have broke a harder boulder than that," was Mr. Huckins' only comment, as he picked up the unconscious young man. The other five were lying in the snow in various relaxed positions, and in various states of consciousness. It was a miracle that none of them was killed. The worst casualty was a broken leg, sustained by the steersman, when the sled fell across him after tipping over.

OF course this accident put a final stop to bobsledding down the lumber road. The boys of Bethel were even so scared that not one of them had the nerve to coast that Hawk's Beak curve. Do you blame them?

In point of fact, they had a really wonderful place to coast higher up on the hill. The bobsled run had begun at the top of the lumber road. Well, at the right of the top of the lumber road there is a big wide pasture on a slope that leads toward the summit of the hill. From the top of this pasture clear down to the top of the lumber road is in itself nearly half a mile, and the boys got going so fast before they reached the road that every single time they had to fall off their sleds to stop themselves before they hit that fatal, icy road that had raced that bobsled to its doom.

And this wide pasture, of course, was the ideal place to ski. It was even faster for a man on skis than for a man on a sled, because the runners of the sled were likely to catch more in the soft places in the snow.

Sid Huckins was one of the few boys in Bethel who boasted a pair of skis. His father had given them to him last Christmas. They had been given to his father by a carpenter in a neighboring town who had made them from seasoned hickory with his own hands. Sid knew little about the fancy side of skiing, but he could do a reliable turn, and he could keep his feet on almost any slope; and after all, that is one of the most important fundamentals. Sid was pretty proud of his skiing.

One day not long after the bobsled accident, Mr. Willoughby came over to Mr. Huckins' house and said, "Huckins, I've

just profited by young Sid's example and bought Anne a pair of skis. I reckon Anne's the only girl in the village that's got a pair."

Sid gave his opinion without being asked. "She may have a pretty hard time using them," Mr. Willoughby beamed. "That's just what I came over for, Sid. I haven't asked many favors of you as a neighbor, now, have I? All I want you to do is just to teach my daughter Anne a little something about skiing. Is that a go?"

Sid scowled without meaning to. "Sure," he said. "I'll do what I can."

That afternoon "the broiler" trudged over, gawker than ever, with a new pair of yellow varnished store skis over her shoulder, and timidly said, "I'm sorry to bother you, Sidney."

"Oh, rats!" thought Sid. "I might be up on the hill!"

He showed her how to attach her skis, then he helped her along to the nearest slope.

"Now what do you do?" she asked timidly. "Just go," said Sid.



When Anne said good night to Mrs. Huckins she came forward to perform a curtsy, and, tripping on the edge of a rag rug, she almost fell down.

She edged forward, began slipping, and, with her toes locked together in that position so often pictured by caricaturists of skiing, she fell into the snow.

"Gee, but you're clumsy," he said. She slowly turned scarlet, and muttered, "Just tell me what to do."

"Keep at it," he said. "Show some sand, that's all you need."

She tried again, and again she fell. "Sand didn't help me that time," she said. "Don't be such a meany."

"Oh, come off," he said, "get busy and try."

After five more total failures, "the broiler" simply lay flat on her back in the snow with her feet in the air and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Sid, who had not expected this, was at loss. "What in the world is the matter?" he said. "What did I do? What's the trouble with you?"

Thirteen years glared at fifteen with suddenly baleful intensity. "You mean, horrid big pig!" she said. Then she began to moan to herself, "Why doesn't he treat me like a human being? Why can't he say hello to me nicely? Why is he such a perfect—perfect—perfect pig?"

Now it was Sid's turn to be furious. "You cut that out!" he shouted. "You may be a girl, but you have no right to insult me—not after I've wasted my afternoon trying to teach you to ski! We all know what you are—you're just an overgrown broiler! I've been meaning to tell you that for a long time, too. Don't think I'm not telling you this for your own good, either. And what good are you, anyway. The trouble is, with you, you haven't any nerve. Now, come on, and I'll walk you home."

She looked up through her tears. "You go 'way," she said. "You beat it!"

Somehow she managed to extricate herself from the skis, and very indignantly, and drawing herself up to the full height of her thirteen years, she crashed across the snow toward her house.

The next day Sid met her at the post office, and he chuckled when she deliberately walked past him without speaking.

The day after that he went up on the high pasture to ski, with some of his friends. Usually not many village girls went up there. It was a hard walk, and for most of them, particularly the younger ones, fourteen and under, it was considered too dangerous.

Sid, when he arrived there, saw Anne, to his great surprise, walking up the hill, dragging a sled behind her.

On his skis, he headed toward the top of the hill, a considerable distance in the rear. When he got to the top, "the broiler" was still waiting.

"Waiting for some one?" he said jocosely.

She said nothing for a second. Then suddenly, she said: "You're going to take back what you said. I'm going down the lumber road past Hawk's Beak, and then you'll see who hasn't got any nerve!"

Before Sid could say a word, or do anything, she had started her sled down the high pasture, headed straight for the beginning of the lumber road. She was only joking, of course. She wouldn't be as much of a fool as that!

Nevertheless he pushed off down the hill after her. Too late to catch her, he saw that

she was as good as her word. Her sled was just at the bottom of the pasture, about to turn down the dangerous lumber road, with the Hawk's Beak only a little way down. He turned in a half-circle and paused for an instant at the top of a steep knoll. He remembered how horrified he had been on that night of the accident. He realized suddenly how it must have terrified Anne. There was not a boy in Bethel who had the nerve now to coast down through the Hawk's Beak.

She was Mr. Willoughby's daughter. The Willoughbys were his neighbors. She was only a kid. It was all his fault for telling her she had no sand.

There was only one thing for him to do, and he did it. Instead of turning down the pasture to the right, along the usual track, he veered to the left, and down a long, steep, narrow stretch of snow, too soft for a sled, parallel to the lumber road. By doing this, he cut off the first two curves. He figured that he ought to come out on the lumber road at exactly the same time as the sled with Anne on it. If he did not, the Hawk's Beak was just round the next corner!

HIS figuring was not wrong. He got there barely ahead of her and stopped squarely in the middle of the road. She did not have time to avoid the unexpected obstacle when she rounded the curve. The front of the sled caught him just above the heels, and he turned a near somersault.

The sled veered into the ditch, and Anne herself performed a few interesting gyrations.

It took several minutes for Sid to clear the snow out of his eyes so that he could see again.

"O dear!" she said. "Are you hurt?" "No," said Sid. "Guess I'll be skiing home."

That was all that was said by either.

An hour later Sid came into the kitchen limping.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Huckins. "Have a fall?"

"Not much of a one," grunted Sid.

After supper that night at the Huckinses' a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in!" called Mr. Huckins, scuffing across the kitchen in his felt slippers. It was the entire Willoughby family.

"Good evening, folks!" said Mr. Willoughby. "Just thought we'd drop in and pay a sociable call."

"Isn't that nice of you now," said Mrs. Huckins.

"Well, I do declare it's a pleasure to see you," said Mrs. Willoughby. "I was just going to ask you, is beefsteak the best thing for a black eye, because Anne here got one coasting this afternoon—"

Thirteen-year-old Anne appeared from behind her mother's ample form. Sid caught sight of her, and his face broke into a broad and neighborly grin.

"Evening, Anne," he said. "How's everything?"

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER EIGHT

IT was a long listening night. There was not much talking, but indoors there was not much sleeping. Janet's sore arm added to her wakefulness. In Ohio a hurt was tended, commiserated. To announce it and have it cared for was a duty. Here, it seemed to her, it was to be concealed. But she was aware that her mother was constantly awake. At any sound they both raised their heads instantly, straining, hoping. But nothing came to them. And the morning was the same as the night.

At breakfast Aleck, wishing to call Janet's absent attention to some need of his, laid an urgent hand on the lame arm. Involuntarily she flinched and said a sharp painful "Oh!" before she recalled herself.

"What's the matter?" asked her mother. "It hurt a little. He surprised me." Janet tried to be casual.

Patiently and a little absently, as if she were about to find a small trouble added to these large ones, Mrs. Glasgow pushed back the sleeve. The whole elbow was discolored, and across the tender arm lay heavier black marks. Janet herself, in her hurried dressing, had not noticed this.

"Janet, darling! Did you fall?" Her mother touched it softly.

"Pretty bad, sister," said Mr. Gard sympathetically.

"What was it, dear?" asked her mother, examining more closely.

The Gathering Storm

By MARGARET LYNN

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

"The man in the wood," Janet acknowledged. "He tried to make me scream, so that father would hear and come to me."

"And you didn't!" Her mother caught her against herself proudly and pitifully.

"No, but I cried," Janet confessed. "I couldn't help it." Her voice trembled now, but partly with her disappointment in herself.

"Oh, my dear!" Mrs. Glasgow hid her face against Janet and wept a little.

Mr. Gard was as they had never seen him before, furious almost beyond control. He used such words as the Carolinians had used, and then came and looked at the bruises and walked back and forth and exclaimed at the ruffians. "They're worse than I ever thought," was the mildest thing he said.

Mrs. Glasgow brought out some unguent to dress the arm. "It's a good thing I didn't take all my medicines to the Mayhews," she said ironically. But Janet had never seen her look so sad and troubled. So many things were happening at once.

It was late afternoon when Mr. Gard, who had stayed near the house all day, noticed that Collie had allowed the cows to stray too far in their pasturing. So on Prince he went off to bring them back. He was gone a long while, so long that Mrs. Glasgow was showing a little added uneasiness, on this uneasy day, before he appeared again. Then he came slowly, and not alone. They could hardly make out, at first, how he was accompanied. Then they saw that he was holding a little child before him in the saddle and that a tired woman was helping her slow steps by clinging to his stirrup.

Mrs. Glasgow hurried forward. Mr. Gard silently handed down the child, a little boy of two, and she passed him on to eager Janet while she herself went to help the woman, who seemed to be almost sinking with weariness and distress.

"I found them out on the prairie," was all Mr. Gard said as he dismounted. "Their house has been burned."

They got the mother and child into the

house and helped them to bed. The little boy was almost as tired as his mother and fell asleep as soon as he felt a bed under him. The woman did not speak at first, but lay inert while Mrs. Glasgow brought her milk to drink and bathed and rubbed her tired limbs. At last she too slept, without making any communication except through wearied exclamations.

Late in the evening she waked and had some food and told a part of her story. She lived out east of Lawrence, she did not know how far from the Glasgows'. Her husband had gone in to Lawrence on the morning of the raid, and she had not seen him since. She was alone that night and the next day. She saw many men passing, some at a distance, some near at hand. At last came a group who stopped and questioned her. When they learned her husband's name they proceeded gladly to burn the house. They were some of the Missourians straggling home from their Lawrence festa, with the zeal for destruction still in their mood. Two of them were kind enough to help her to carry out some of her possessions and to save some food and clothing for herself and her boy. Then they all rode away, and she sat with her baby and watched first the springing flames and finally the dying coals. She stayed there all night and all the next day, hoping for her husband's coming. The sun shone on her, and it rained on her, and she sat through two long nights. But the second morning she started to walk to

Lawrence, sometimes carrying the boy and sometimes encouraging his little feet to stumble through the grass. At first she carried as many things as possible, but one by one she discarded them, her only thought being to get her boy to safety—and to find news of her husband. But the sun went under a cloud, and she lost her way. She must have been farther from Lawrence now than when she started. She had seen houses, but she had been afraid to go near them. Such men as had burned her home must have houses somewhere. She might find more enemies.

"Oh, how can men be so cruel!" cried Mrs. Glasgow.

"When men once get started they're pretty bad," said Mr. Gard, very sadly for him.

THE tired guests were brighter in the morning. Janet was hanging impatiently over the baby when he waked and laughed in her face, and she snatched him up and ran outside with him, where he laughed and laughed again in the sunlight. The mother was still aching and anxious. But now they learned that she was Mrs. Fawkes and that her husband was the man who had helped on the Glasgow house that morning and had been at the land-office on that same day. They were glad that they were now able to help her. She proved to be a high-spirited young Kentucky woman, bearing her hard case well and ready at once to give full sympathy to Mrs. Glasgow in hers. The baby laughed and played and said his few baby phrases, and Janet and Aleck deserted every other occupation to attend upon him. It brightened the day to have him here.

Mr. Gard finally rode off to Lawrence to make inquiries for the woman's husband. It was a sad moment when he came back without news. Fawkes had been seen in the town on Wednesday, the day of the raid, and some thought they had seen him on Thursday. But no one had heard of him since. Mr. Gard had left word for him here and there and then had hastened home. The wife listened to the scanty report and then quickly picked up her boy and hurried into the house, away from them.

Mr. Gard shook his head commiseratingly. To Mrs. Glasgow he said privately, "They say he's a fanatical over-done sort of fellow, liable to do too much and maybe get into trouble. We may hear a lot or nothing."

"Well, we'll keep the poor things," said Mrs. Glasgow pitifully. "It's a good thing you were able to get hold of some provisions for us."

"It was none too easy. There's mighty little to get out of Lawrence this week. I bought this meal and stuff from a family that's clearing out."

Mrs. Fawkes reappeared, bravely bright once more, and Mr. Gard tried to think of some reassuring news to tell; though Lawrence was not the place this week to hear of anything which promised happiness or safety. One thing he did learn—that old John Brown had started with some men for Lawrence when he heard of the threatened raid. But he found that he was too late to give any aid or to organize any resistance and had turned back and was now camping with his men, probably a few miles to the southwest of them. Everyone in this section, pro-slavery or anti-slavery, by this time knew of old John Brown, the sad, terrible man with the long beard and fierce gaunt body, who went back and forth among them. Off to the south of the Glasgows' he was settled, with his many sons and their families, ready to fight whatever war for freedom events could be made to open. He came and went always on the same mission and with the same word in his mouth.

"Does your husband know Brown?" Mr. Gard asked casually of Mrs. Fawkes.

"Yes, he knew him in Ohio before we were married and then in New York. He thinks a sight of him. Whatever Mr. Brown says Stanley's sure of." Mrs. Fawkes said everything with much emphasis, very pretty on her soft tongue. She described John Brown with much color. "He can make even me

feel mighty solemn, and Stan just eats out of his hand."

THAT night late some one rode up and spoke cautiously outside. Mrs. Fawkes was quicker than anyone else in response and was at the window whispering "Stan!" before the man spoke again. But it was not her husband. It was a stranger, a young man, with a note for Mrs. Glasgow. Mrs. Fawkes tried promptly to change her disappointment to pleasure in Mrs. Glasgow's relief and helped to light the primitive lamp for her. The note was brief and simple. "I slipped along the creek and came away, with the other man. I am now at a place about six miles away. Will you let this young man

just seen a meaning in the question—as if the question itself were intended for an insult.

"Yes, where is he?" echoed the man from his unseen place.

"He is not at home just now. What do you want?"

"I reckon he wasn't home Sat'day night either," sneered the woman.

"What are you aiming at?" Mrs. Glasgow was trying to answer these poor people smoothly, but she was growing very angry. Yet she wished really to know what they meant. There must be something.

"I s'pose you do know what happened down at Dutch Henry's Crossing. You ain't heard that seven men was taken out



"It really was too easy," said Glasgow when he told it. "One man was killed outright, and one died the next day, and one had a broken leg"

take Prince for me? I am going farther on with some men who have a purpose in hand. I will try to keep you in news."

Cautious it was. But it was clearly Mr. Glasgow's writing and a leaf from his notebook. Janet awakened to hear the news. She thought her mother very quiet in her expression of relief, for she simply put out the light and hushed the house to silence again. Mr. Gard went to saddle Prince and hand him over to the messenger. He stayed a good while talking to the stranger, but finally the man rode away in the dark, and the event was over. Only they knew that Mr. Glasgow was still safe.

MR. GARD was very sober in the morning and made little response when Mrs. Fawkes joked about the large family which was collecting around him. Mrs. Glasgow wondered whether, with all his kindness, he fully enjoyed his responsibilities. It was not fair that he should be tied here as a defender of women while other men had active part in the fight. She was thinking of this as, leaving Mrs. Fawkes with the housework, at her own urging, she hurried down the hill to see how Mayhew was progressing. All day yesterday she had been too much occupied to inquire.

A man on horseback had stopped at the Mayhew door, and the woman was talking to him. Mrs. Glasgow hoped that some friend was bringing a little comfort to this dreary family, and she came up with a cheerful "good morning."

The man gave her a surly look and scarcely a nod. Even the woman returned only a fragment of a faint "mornin'" and no responsive smile.

Mrs. Glasgow thought that Mayhew must be worse. She waited until the stranger had taken his speechless and sullen leave before she spoke. "How is he this morning?" she asked, solicitously and sympathetically.

"You do need to ask," replied the woman with a waspish anger. "He's all right for you." And from within the house the man's hoarse sick voice called, "Tell her to get out."

Mrs. Glasgow was too much astonished to have any other feeling. "What's the matter?" she asked, much perplexed.

"No, I reckon you-all do know what the matter is. Where's your man?" she spit out suddenly and suggestively, as if she had

an' hacked up an' killed, and you abolitionists done it. I s'pose you do know who was there?"

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Glasgow quickly.

"I reckon you do want to." She drew back suddenly and began to close the door.

"How's your husband?" asked Mrs. Glasgow absently. She had come to ask that, and it was still in her mind in spite of these affronts.

"He do need no more o' you. You might try to pizen him." The door closed.

In a moment it opened again, and the woman tossed out the packages of medicine. Then it closed again definitely.

Mrs. Glasgow had to smile in spite of all she had heard. This was having the door closed in your face. If she had not come here two days ago, the man might now be beyond saying offensive things. She picked up the drugs, since they were too precious to lose, and went rapidly homeward.

She found Mr. Gard at the house and asked him directly, "What news did that man tell you in the night?"

"Bad news," he answered seriously. "I hope it ain't all true." And he told soberly a version of the same distressing story, differing only in that it specified five victims instead of seven.

"I can't believe it," Mrs. Glasgow exclaimed incredulously.

"Seems to have got all round. If it's so, it appears to tar us with the same stick as Buford's men."

"It served them right though!" cried Mrs. Fawkes.

Mrs. Glasgow looked astonished at her exclamation, and Mr. Gard turned a very sober glance upon her. "It seems as if old John Brown was the one that engineered it," he further informed them. "So they say."

"Anyway, they all deserved it," said Mrs. Fawkes again with spirit. "Look what they did to us."

Mr. Gard shook his head. "We don't use the same measuring-stick. But then we don't know the whole story yet. Maybe there's more."

But the news added nothing to their comfort.

"It's a bad seed and will raise something bad," said Mr. Gard.

MORE days of anxiety, with nights of starting awake and listening with lifted head. Again a man rode to the door with a scrap of a note. It was not signed, but it was on the same paper as before and in Hugh Glasgow's writing. "I am quite safe. I am needed where I am for a while. God bless you."

That was all they knew. There was only to wait and to work as well as possible. For the farming must go on. The corn could not be plowed fast enough with but one team, and much of it must be hoed. Mrs. Glasgow and Janet worked over the fields and among the potatoes and kept the garden, which was now beginning to add some variety to their food. No one came out from Lawrence, for it was busy repairing its hurts. But occasionally some one passed, and they asked eagerly for news.

It was harsh news. All the country to the south seemed afire with fighting. Organized bodies of Missourians and Carolinians were marching and threatening and attacking here and there, all the more since that dreadful night at Dutch Henry's Crossing. Smaller bodies of anti-slavery men were resisting or making counter-attacks. The murders at Dutch Henry's Crossing had infuriated the pro-slavery party and seemed to give them warrant for any outrage. Somewhere in that dreadful field Mr. Glasgow was. And somewhere—who could guess where?—was the husband of this stranger in the household.

Four days passed, and she was still here. Mr. Gard took the team one day, and they drove to find her place and to salvage whatever possessions were to be found. These were very few, and she cried at the sight. But she was too grateful to her helpers to show much of her distress. The

only annoyance they found in her presence came from her very great bitterness and extravagant expressions of vindictiveness. "Of course I haven't had my home burned," Mrs. Glasgow would think as she repressed reproof and changed the subject of talk or made excuse to send the children away from it. Yet she thought that Mrs. Fawkes should try to control her speech. "Aren't you afraid of making too much impression on little Stanley?" she asked one day.

But Mrs. Fawkes answered fiercely: "I hope he'll hate these people to death always. I'm raising him that way, even before they burned us out."

It was no use to protest against such hatred.

Then after another day or two Fawkes came. He had been looking for his family for two days and had just found trace of them. But of the rest of those lost days he gave no account. He had little to say indeed about his own actions.

"What'll we do now, Stan?" asked his wife.

"Don't hurry away from us," said Mrs. Glasgow kindly.

"We can get a place in Lawrence and camp there. Maybe we won't build yet. We can go right now. We've troubled these people long enough."

He did not intend his words to be ungracious, but plainly he was occupied with what he thought a larger matter than personal affairs. He burst out furiously when the burning of his house was spoken of, and went on to still more bitter speech. He called names and made threats. "The only thing to do is to wipe them out lock and stock."

Janet, listening intently and curiously and displeased at the prospect of having the baby taken from her hands, interposed, "That's the way they did at Dutch Henry's Crossing!"

Her mother looked reprovingly at her, Janet hardly understood why. The man looked aside and paused a moment. "Served 'em right too. That's what they need all over the country." But then he was silent.

Mrs. Glasgow gave them what comforts she could spare and sent them off with many kind words. But it was clear that a perplexity was removed from her when they were out of sight.

"I suppose you have a place to hide things

away?" said Mr. Gard to Mrs. Glasgow that evening.

Mrs. Glasgow showed a square tin box with a lock, which she kept hidden among her spare bedding. Gard looked thoughtful.

He got a spade and lifted out a small square of sod near the house and made a hole deep enough for the box and put it in and set the sod back neatly. "A few days and a rain or two and you'd never know it," he said as he raked the surplus earth out among the grass. After that he measured carefully from two corners of the house, and they set the figures down on the wall just inside the door, so that they could not be forgotten. Then he dragged a wagon seat over the place and sat down on it.

This seemed to be the moment that Mrs. Glasgow had been waiting for. She must talk to him about his own affairs. "You know, Mr. Gard," she began, "we couldn't possibly have got along without you here."

"Oh, sho—people always get along." But he looked quietly attentive.

"But it isn't fair. Other men have the fighting and the interest, and you are just kept here."

"Safe and comfortable."

"Not even that, but in a kind of secondary place."

"Seems pretty important to me. You know I'm different from our friend Fawkes. I believe in letting things simmer down and letting these man-eaters just blow off. When they get all though we'll be right here and ready to take the upper hand. To my mind making farms and homes is the most important thing that's going on here."

"I ain't really much of a fighting man—seen too much of it. I was in Mexico—thought it was smart, but I got over that. Then I was in California, and the fighting there just made me sick. I cleared out. I thought I ought to come out here when the move began, and I'm willing to fight if need be. But I'd rather tend to the things that'll be left when it's over."

When Mr. Gard sat on the wagon seat his knees were up almost to his shoulders. He folded his arms straight across them and looked around at the place, dimly seen in the twilight. "I did have a kind of notion that when I came out here I'd chiefly help in building houses and maybe handle some lumber for people. When I was out before they needed somebody like that. I thought maybe I'd work in. But I meant just to see how things came out. They've come out pretty well for me."

"You're too important to be plowing corn," persisted Mrs. Glasgow.

"There's a young fellow over at Carter's two-three mile off, that wants a job," Mr. Gard went on in his deliberate coherent way. "His folks are scared out and gone back to Iowa, but he wants to stay here. How'd it be if I get him over? Though I expect Glasgow back any day now."

"Yes, get him. You'll still stay here, but you'll be free."

"Don't women beat anything, sister?" But he rose.

In the morning he introduced Martin Helbeck—Mart he was to be called. "Derelect," said Mr. Gard. "He says he wants to plow corn."

"I want to do something plain," said the boy with a wide-mouthed smile. "I been down there where they're fightin', round Osawatomic." He looked sober enough again as soon as he had spoken.

"The only question is," Mr. Gard added, "if you can get enough for him to eat."

Mart smiled again. "They wasn't any too much where I been."

But he went at the plowing as if he really enjoyed it, and Mrs. Glasgow was relieved to think that their demands on Mr. Gard's time and generosity might be less.

Another dim day passed and another.

THEN all at once Mr. Glasgow was at home again. He was there in the early morning, riding back out of the dimness.

"Is it safe?" cried Mrs. Glasgow, before she even spoke her gladness.

"We'll see," he said. "The way to tell is by trying."

But they had seen that his arm was bound up and that he moved stiffly and wearily. His wife was caring for him even before he had told anything. "It isn't broken," he said reassuringly, "but your binding will help it."

Janet flew to make a fire for hot water and to get a breakfast and to wait on her mother. Could one do too much at such a time as this? But all the time they wanted him to talk and to tell. What strange or dangerous time had he had in these hard weeks? But he postponed his telling until he had had theirs.

Not until night was he ready to talk much. Mr. Gard had first gone off to Lawrence to see what news he could collect. When he came back Stivers was with him.

"It seems as if you're mighty trifling truck in Lawrence," was Mr. Gard's report.

"Your name isn't in our pot of brew any more," said Stivers. Mrs. Glasgow drew a long breath, and he looked at her sympa-

the creek, sometimes hearing the Blue Lodge men—they assumed that these men belonged to the active pro-slavery organization which called itself the Blue Lodge—over on the other bank discussing their search and what they were going to do when they got their victims. When it was dark Taney said that they could now get to a friend of his only a few miles away. So they



More days of anxiety. For Janet and her mother there was only to wait and to work. No one came out from Lawrence

thetically. "But Lawrence is for the moment unimportant. The worst has been done to us, and the storm center has moved."

"I think I've been in it. Nothing could have been much more stormy," said Glasgow.

"Where have you been?"

"I've been as far as Black Jack."

"Osawatomic?"

"I was two days with John Brown's men."

"Not at Dutch Henry's Crossing?" said Stivers with a grim smile. "There's a fellow in Lawrence now I'll bet was there."

"So will I," said Mr. Gard, looking toward Mrs. Glasgow. Janet made a note of something to find out.

Gradually Mr. Glasgow told much of his story. He and Taney had gone away together that day after the men had come for them. They had crept and pushed their way along

went across country, still to the south, until they found the friend's place. There they had food, and a haystack with a good deep dent in the top to sleep on. After a day or two Taney grew very impatient and eager to risk getting back to his own place. "Lightning won't strike me twice," he said. And one evening he borrowed an old horse and went off. But that very night a messenger came, on his way to the White places. Joel White and his brother had their land lying side by side, with the houses close together and stables and sheds in common. They had come planning to raise good horses and cattle in this land where pasture was so cheap and help the new country to a supply of them. It was a good plan and largely a generous one. They had taken little part in politics thus far, though it was well known

that their sympathies were on the free-state side. Joel had helped in the fight at the land-office that day. This messenger was on his way with a warning from friends of theirs that they were to be attacked the next night and their horses and cattle run off.—the horses at least,—to help equip Missourian forces. That was when Glasgow sent back for Prince, that he might go with his hosts and some of their neighbors to help protect the White property.

There they went the next night. And there Hugh Glasgow was in his first battle of any degree—if indeed this could be called a battle.

They rode up, fifteen or more of them, and reconnoitered silently. The houses were dark and quiet, and so were the sheds. The men dismounted, all but a few who held the horses, and softly entered the yard, though always with a watchful eye toward the houses. Each man was armed and each carried halters.

When they were well inside the inclosure Joel White spoke out of the shadow. "What do you want?"

The men started and grew very alert, but one answered promptly, "We'll take what we want. We're after your horses."

"All horse thieves, are you?" Willis White was a small, quiet-spoken man. "I don't know as I ever saw so many horse thieves together before. Let's see, there's Panton and Clark and Friar and Barman." He named the men he recognized in the moonlight. "And our friends from Missouri. I suppose you're all horse thieves over there."

"Shut your head," said the leader, himself a Missourian. "We don't want your gab. We want your stock."

"Well, there's a different kind of stock here." Joel White was sharper, more impulsive than his brother. "Drop your guns and put up your hands!"

For answer the man said "Fire!" and his men fired toward where the voices had sounded. They could not see into the dark sheds. Of course the Whites had both moved after they spoke. Then Willis said, "Now, men!" and from along the two sheds his friends returned the fire.

"It really was too easy," said Glasgow when he told it. "They had walked into a trap, perfectly stupid, they were so sure of themselves. And they were all close together. I was ashamed to shoot. You can't stand in the dark and aim at a man in the light. Several of us fired pretty high. I had a chance to nick Barman, but I held my hand. It might have saved me trouble in the end, though."

But some fell anyway, and the others ran for their horses. Some dropped their guns in mounting. Glasgow picked up one because he had only his revolver with him. One man was killed outright, and one died the next day, and one had a broken leg. Those with lighter wounds got away. Before morning Glasgow set the broken leg with the assistance of Willis White and of a horse doctor who was in the party. "I reasoned with the fellow all the time," said Hugh Glasgow with a soft chuckle, "and he tried to groan so loud he couldn't hear me. We tried to save his leg, but we didn't try to save his feelings."

They watched there again the next night, but no one came.

The next day Glasgow went with some others to take the wounded man home.

Janet was surprised to see how jolly and easy her father was, after all these dreadful times. He seemed to see a thread of joke even in his ironic contest.

The rest of Glasgow's story was much like his beginning. He had been called into one skirmish after another, usually for the protection of some one—though sometimes for reprisal. And the other side had been successful more often than his had. He had seen more hard things than he was telling. And in the last battle—only he did not say battle—he had this wound.

"And that brought you home."

"Something better. Colonel Sumner arrived."

"With Federal troops!"

"Yes. We were expecting to be attacked, and here came a real officer and real soldiers. It was worth a lot to see Pat."

"That's the best news in many a day," said Stivers. "If only the government will see and stake a hand!"

"It won't last. But it makes an interlude. And I did want to see my family and relieve Gard, here. And a man told me that Barman hadn't been heard of for days."

His newly acquired gun stood in the corner with the others.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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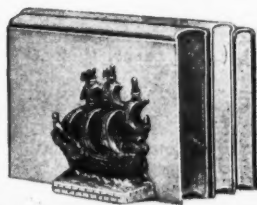
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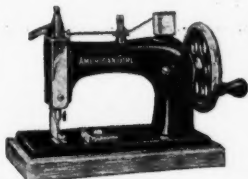
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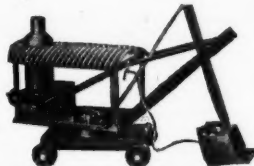


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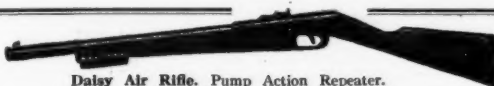
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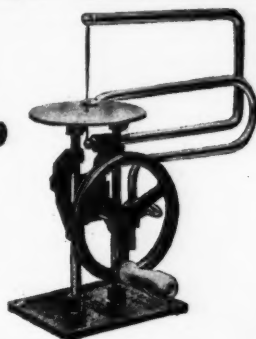
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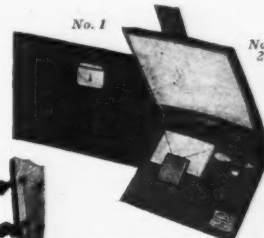
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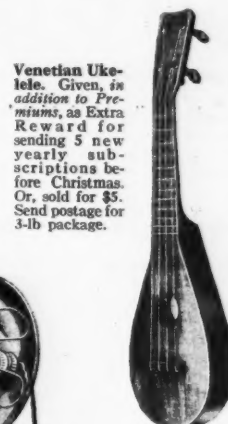
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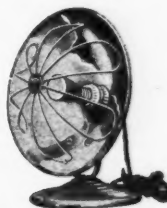
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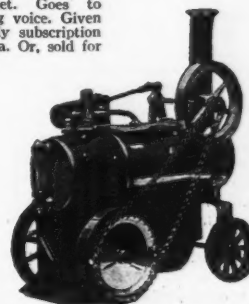
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FACT AND COMMENT

WHAT one has been taught, he does not long remember. What he has learned himself, he never forgets.

NO DISTINGUISHED VISITOR to the West gets home again without being made a member of some Indian tribe. Queen Marie of Roumania is the latest paleface to undergo the ceremony of adoption; she is now a full-fledged Sioux. If they ever have a revolution in Roumania, she can return to the United States, and find a home on the reservation.

PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS LAUGHING about the fashions, but they are not a joke to everybody. If the women were not dressing in silk stockings, dresses and underclothing instead of cotton garments, our cotton growers and textile mills would not be in the difficulties that now annoy them. And if ladies wore the shoes they used to wear instead of the little pumps that are fashionable, the leather business would not be in the doldrums.

IT IS WELL to be reminded now and then that there are other means of locomotion besides the automobile. Walking is one of them; riding a bicycle is another. Many persons of the older generation will remember Dan O'Leary, whose pedestrian feats attracted so much attention forty or fifty years ago. He is now eighty-six years old, yet he recently walked the one hundred miles from Jersey City to Chester, Pa., in twenty-four hours; and still more recently a man of seventy-four, who has traveled hundreds of thousands of miles on his bicycle in the past thirty-five years, set out from New York to ride to California. Bicycling is only another way of walking. Shanks's mare is still a good horse.

CONTROLLING THE CROPS

THE over-production of cotton, which has forced down the price of the staple, following a somewhat similar over production of wheat a year or two ago, has set the farmers of the United States to considering whether they cannot hit upon some way of controlling the quantity and therefore the price of these great money crops. Hitherto attempts to do this very thing have not been successful, owing to the lack of effective organization, the immense number of individual farmers and the difficulty of getting the proper degree of cooperation among them.

At a recent conference of cotton growers it was proposed that the states interested in the production of cotton should take concerted steps to limit the area to be planted in cotton; but no one could suggest a workable plan for bringing the power of a state to bear on the individual planters. It is easy enough to calculate the amount of land that ought to be devoted to cotton—or to wheat—in order to produce in an average year the quantity of either crop that could be put on the market at a fair price. One trouble is that few years are average years. The farmer cannot accurately determine his crop as a manufacturer can determine his output. Nature has the last word, and often puts all calculations out of joint by supplying a kind of weather that produces a crop either much larger or much smaller than the average. Moreover there are always thousands of farmers who will not do as they are told, and who seize the opportunity when others are reducing their planting to increase their own,

with a view of getting the better of the market.

Government interference with the production or at least the marketing of the crop is usually essential to a control of the price. So Brazil, by its valorization scheme, forced up the price of coffee. So Great Britain, by controlling the supply of rubber from the plantations in the East Indies and letting it out in carefully limited quantities, got a highly profitable price for it. It would be harder to do the same thing with cotton, and harder still with wheat, for we do not come so near to monopolizing either crop as Brazil does in the matter of coffee or Great Britain in the matter of rubber. But a considerable sentiment in favor of some sort of government management of these two great staple crops exists in the South and West.

Private interests have already agreed to buy and hold out of the market a considerable quantity of cotton, with a view to enhancing the price of the rest of the crop. But this proceeding cannot go on year after year if there is to be a constantly increasing surplus to be taken care of. Perhaps the most hopeful way of dealing with the problem is through well-organized cooperative organizations of farmers and planters, which can be pledged to carry out the carefully worked out plans of the central organization. Our American farmers have, in the past, been too fond of their personal independence to take this sort of dictation from any one else, even for their own good. But conditions are making it necessary for the modern farmer to study business methods as well as agricultural methods, and there is no single improvement in business method that holds out so much promise to him as intelligent and sincere cooperation.

THE GREATEST "BEAUTY DOCTOR"

THE newspapers recently printed side by side two pictures of a very well-known woman, one taken just before she had had her face "lifted," the other just afterward. In the first were all the lines that age and a varied and eventful life had written there. The second was a palimpsest—a sheet of parchment from which something interesting and valuable had been erased, and on which vanity had inscribed its trivial tale.

Such travesties of youth and beauty are not uncommon. There were vanity cases and make-up appliances in the tombs of Egypt and of Greece, and among persons of a certain mental outlook there will always be attempts to conceal and compensate for the toll that time exacts.

Why should it be so? Is there not a beauty of age as well as of youth—a charm in the rich fulfillment of autumn no less than in the promise of the springtime? Let us carry the figure a little farther. The fall would indeed be a dreary time if it brought no harvests from the seasons that preceded it, if the leaves fell one by one without having taken on any added richness of color from the rains and frosts. But when it pours its wealth into our lap and spreads the beauty of its mantle before our eyes, how glorious it is!

So, too, with life. The man or the woman who has given the years to frivolity, to pettiness, to sordid aims and selfish effort, cannot expect to attain a beautiful old age. No device of surgery or art can "lift" the face of such a person above the plain of emptiness and desolation, for life sets down its records pretty faithfully.

But there are other old people whose faces are a benediction. On them you can read the story of faith and sustained hope; of struggle and perhaps of failure, but not of discouragement. The lines that the years have written there are lines of character and of beauty. Serenity abides there, for they have had the services of the one great beauty doctor whose work is enduring: they have lifted up their eyes to the everlasting hills.

MARATHON OUTDONE

ALL Greece, and in course of time all the classic world, wondered when a runner from the field of Marathon brought the news of that great victory to Athens without slackening his pace through the twenty-six miles which lay between the battle field and the city. In modern times the "Marathon race" has become a favorite test of human endurance, and we have a good many runners who can cover the distance in perhaps less time than Pheidippides took, and who certainly do not drop dead at the end of the course.

But what do our modern champions, Finns or Greeks or Yankees, say to the ex-

plot of the two Mexican Indians who recently ran sixty-two and a half miles, from Pachuca to Mexico City in about nine hours and a half? The two Indians without any evidence of great fatigue covered a distance that would have exhausted most horses. They finished "fresh and fit" and were not even panting; and, what is more, they ran their race at an altitude of a mile and a half, where many people find it difficult to breathe after a few minutes' exertion. There seems to be no equal performance in all our athletic records; but the two Indians are said to be no unusual performers; many of their tribe—the Tarahumares—are able to run much greater distances without difficulty.

The Tarahumares live in the wild and rugged country of the Sierra Madre mountains in Chihuahua. They are hunters, fishermen and rude agriculturists—and runners. Small and very dark, they have long been known for their muscular strength and endurance. They enjoy running, and keep in continual practise. Travelers who have visited their villages return with extraordinary tales of their ability to run for days and nights on end, over the often steep and rough trails of their native hillsides. Like many of the tropical savages or semi-savages, they are said to have the secret of maintaining their strength by the use of vegetable drugs. Most people have taken the stories of their exploits with a grain of salt; but this well-supported report from Mexico City makes all such stories seem reasonable. It would be interesting to see some of these Tahanumares in competition with the best runners of the white race; though it is very possible that, under strange conditions of climate, food and road surface, the Indians would not do so well as they do in their own country. It is certainly true that, under the conditions with which the Indians are familiar, our own distance runners would be no match at all for the Tahanumare champions.

DEDICATING A HOME

IN the little city of Melrose, Massachusetts, a dwelling house burned last summer. The other day the new house that has risen from the ruins of the old one was dedicated with simple and appropriate ceremony to its high office of home.

It was a neighborhood affair. The head of the family reasoned that, as we dedicate churches to the use of the widely-scattered worshippers whom they serve, and school-houses to the service of the whole public that builds and owns them, so we may fittingly dedicate a home, which is the corner stone both of the church and of the school, to the special service of the neighborhood in which it stands, and with which it will hold most of its relations.

There are two little daughters in the family. In other homes near by live their playmates. All the children, with their parents, were invited to be present and have a part in the exercises.

When the guests had assembled, the father of the family spoke simply and briefly of his reasons for inviting them. He felt that a home plays as important a part in the life of a community as a church or a school, perhaps a more important part; that it is therefore fitting to dedicate it to the highest service of the family and their neighbors and friends; and that it is well for children to learn that home means something more than food and shelter. The pastor of the church that the family attends read some verses written for the occasion and two short selected poems that expressed the spirit of it. Then the mother lighted a torch and passed it to one of the little daughters, who handed it on to her sister. She in turn gave it to her father, and he applied it to the waiting but as yet unlighted wood in the new fireplace. As the wood kindled and the cheerful blaze mounted, ten or twelve children formed a semicircle round the fire and sang a little song of thanksgiving for the home to a kindergarten air that they had learned in school. After that there was food and drink and a social hour.

We are living in a period when the centrifetal forces that hold the home together are under severe strain; when such powerful influences as the automobile, moving pictures, athletics and the widened interest of women are exerting a strong disruptive force. Anything which, like the simple and natural service here described, may serve to sanctify and preserve the old traditions of family responsibility and neighborly friendship is to be welcomed and imitated.

Who, of those children that took part, is likely ever to forget, or when he or she sets up a new home will fail to recall, something of the sacred significance of that gathering?

THIS B WORLD

A Weekly Record of Current Events

WE AND THE WORLD COURT

SPEAKING at the dedication of the Liberty Memorial at Kansas City on Armistice Day, President Coolidge declared that, if the other nations that support the World Court of International Justice did not accept the reservations attached by the United States Senate to our application to be admitted to the court, he should not ask the Senate to retreat from its position. It is generally felt that his decision makes our adherence to the World Court very doubtful, since the replies already received from some of the European nations cannot be said to accept unreservedly our conditions. It is probable that the President's mind was influenced by the feeling that the majority of the Senate would not consider any modification of our reservations and by his unwillingness to expose himself to the rejection of his recommendations. The President's speech made a rather bad impression on European newspapers, particularly in France, where the feeling is expressed by the Temps in the comment that the United States is conducted, not as a government, but as a banking house, and that American politics, devoid of any idealism, are merely occupied with questions of money.

ITALY WINS THE SCHNEIDER CUP

THE Jacques Schneider maritime cup is the emblem of national supremacy in high-speed flying by seaplanes. Last year the cup was won for the United States by Lieutenant Doolittle. This year the race, which was held over Chesapeake Bay at Hampton Roads, was won by an Italian, Major de' Bernardi, who broke all existing records by flying 217 miles in four seconds less than fifty-three minutes. That means an average speed of more than 246 miles an hour. Lieutenant Schilt of the United States Marine Corps was second; he took nearly four minutes more to cover the course.

AN AMBASSADOR FROM CANADA

THE new status of Canada as a virtually independent nation save for its allegiance to the King of Great Britain is exemplified in the establishment of a Canadian legation at Washington and the appointment of Mr. Vincent Massey as the first Canadian minister to the United States. It is understood that Australia is about to follow the example of Canada.

REDUCING THE FRENCH ARMY

THE Poincaré ministry seems to be in a fairly strong position. Its policy has certainly put a stop to the decline of the franc, and stabilization of the currency at a franc value of a little more than three cents is expected. The Premier, who desired the Chamber of Deputies to devote itself to passing the new budget, to the exclusion of other business, carried his point by a majority of 158, and there is no doubt that the budget with its new measures of taxation will be adopted. The minister of war announces the government will introduce bills to reduce the French standing army from 650,000 to 400,000 men, and the term of enforced military service from eighteen to twelve months.

THE MILLIKAN RAYS

THE most fascinating discoveries are being made nowadays by the physicists. They are learning that not only the earth and its atmosphere but all space as well are alive with an extraordinary diversity of "rays," by which the cosmic energy is transmitted in all sorts of different forms. The rays differ mysteriously in the length of the waves which compose them. Otherwise they are alike, though the phenomena which, by reason of their varying length, they present to our senses are astonishingly diverse. The radio rays which bring to you the sound of music or the voice of a speaker are about the longest. The length of those waves varies from a hundred to three thousand meters—and a meter is a little more than a yard. If you can imagine the radio wave crumpled up till its length is only five ten-thousandths of a millimeter,—one two-hundred millionth of its original length,—you will get light—the sunlight with which we are so familiar. The X rays used in the laboratory and in X-ray photography are five thousand times more rapid still in their vibrations. Now Professor

Millikan, the distinguished American physicist, has discovered some strange new rays, the wave length of which is only one two-thousandth of the X-ray waves! These rays are not stopped by a thin sheet of lead, as X rays are; they will penetrate six feet of solid lead. They originate somewhere in space and, according to the best guess of the discoverer, are the result of the breaking down of the atoms of which the multitudinous stars of the heavens are composed.

ENDING THE BRITISH COAL STRIKE

THE long-drawn-out strike of the British coal miners is virtually over—it will probably be officially at an end by the time this paragraph is read. The miners have lost the points on which they insisted when they laid down their tools. They have agreed to permit a work day longer than seven hours, under conditions, and have yielded also their position in favor of national wage agreements instead of separate agreements in the several mining districts. The mine-owners, who seem to have won an essential victory, objected to some of the terms of settlement drawn by the British government, particularly the establishment of a national board of experts to review any district agreements that were unsatisfactory to either party, but Mr. Baldwin informed them that if the miners' unions agreed to the settlement, and the mine-owners did not, the government would put through Parliament legislation to carry it into effect. A great many coal miners have already returned to the mines.

A NEW CAPITAL FOR BRAZIL

BRAZIL, is contemplating the removal of its capital from the beautiful city of Rio Janeiro and the establishment of a wholly new capital city in a federal district far in the interior of the country. The district has already been set apart. It is some six hundred miles northwest of Rio Janeiro among the hills and plateaus that form the watershed between the Amazon and the Parana rivers. It is in a distinctly tropical region, but its elevation, which is about two thousand feet, is sufficient to make the climate delightful. The population of this region is much scattered, and the tropical wilderness begins not far north of it. It may be some time before the change is made; but the present administration is convinced that it would be wise to remove the seat of government to a point nearer the center of the vast and as yet only partially developed country.

MISCELLANY

THE INNER LIGHT

THE question whether conscience is an infallible guide is of academic importance only. That any function of the human mind should deserve to be called infallible would seem improbable. We have not infallible knowledge or infallible judgment, and knowledge and judgment furnish the material for conscience. But one thing we know; it is never safe for any man to go against his conscience.

To admit that conscience participates in the limitation belonging to all things human is not to admit that we have only such conviction of right as belongs to a method of trial and error. We learn by our mistakes, but there is that which warns against the mistake before we make it, and applies the lesson afterward in terms of admonition against recurrence. Not only in the physical world, but much more in the moral life of men, there operates what Matthew Arnold called "a Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." The merging of that Power not ourselves with the power that is ourselves in the realm of moral action is the triumph of God working in us, while we concurrently and freely work out our own salvation.

"The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord" is an ancient affirmation, declaring the kinship of our sense of right with that which determines the very essence of God. The candle is dim at best, but there is always light for the next step.

There is constant need to insist on the importance of loyalty to conscience. Spite of all the evil things that men have done in professed good conscience, there is no other hope for human life than an intelligent and courageous loyalty to the light within. There, ultimately, must one listen for the "categorical imperative" of which Immanuel Kant wrote and spoke. In that way God works within, while we work out the stable character which is our own and the world's best hope.

BEEES, PLEASE!

*Dad lets me have a mother hen with twenty yellow chicks,
A pink pig, a white lamb wobbly in the knees,
But shakes his head and turns away as cross as two sticks
When I begin to tease him for a hive of honey bees.*

*A garden, an orchard, a lily-pond and all;
A meadow with the clover running riot in the breeze;
Birds that sing in summer time and vanish in the fall—
I wouldn't miss their music if I had a swarm of bees.*

*He's thinking of their silly stings; I'm thinking of their honey—
Bags full, booming with their fragrant libanies.*

*He bribes me with a brindle cow whose cream will bring me money,
But I have set my heart upon a little hive of bees.*

*Wait! Since spring has set the stage and raised the airy curtain
On my landscape full of idlers drenched in nectar to their knees,*

*I'll wake some sunny morning—oh, of this be very certain—
To the overture of Oberon, a swarm of honey bees!*

—RUBY WEYBURN TOBIAS

INDIGESTION

THIS term does not imply the complete failure of digestion, but rather imperfect or faulty digestion. The symptoms of indigestion are not always clear, and uncomfortable sensations or even severe pain in the stomach may be present when digestion is normal. Indigestion results from one or more of four conditions. Either the stomach acts too rapidly and pushes the food on into the intestine before it is ready for the second part of digestion, or it moves too slowly, so that the food does not reach the intestine promptly for the completion of its digestion there, or else the secretion of gastric juice is at fault, too much causing acidity, and too little requiring a long time to digest the ordinary meal. Sometimes the stomach is of improper shape, and the unfortunate possessor of such an organ will be more or less of a dyspeptic all his life, since the misshapen stomach is unable to pass the food along promptly, and its secretion is also usually defective.

Pain is one of the most common symptoms of indigestion, but it is also an unreliable one, for it may be due to a variety of conditions, some of them entirely independent of the stomach; thus, a displaced kidney, an ulcer of the intestine or even chronic appendicitis may cause intermittent or continuous stomach ache. Nausea or vomiting is also a prominent symptom in many cases of beginning indigestion.

In all long-standing cases a very painstaking and thorough examination should be made to determine the underlying fault and to make sure that the trouble is really in the stomach and not in some other abdominal organ. Chronic dyspeptics are nearly all of low vitality, and they usually suffer from an insufficiency of lime in the system, in consequence of which they are likely to fall victims to infectious disease whenever it appears in epidemic form.

The treatment of dyspepsia depends so entirely on the nature of the causal condition that it is impossible to give an outline of it that would apply generally; but naturally it is largely dietetic. Sufferers usually know from sad experience what sort of food to avoid and what they can take with comparative freedom from pain and discomfort.

FAMOUS ANAGRAMS

SOME clever English anagrams published in The Companion a few weeks ago have reminded a reader that in the past anagrams upon proper names were supposed to have real significance, indeed a kind of magical relation to good or ill fortune. A number of historic examples have been preserved, of which the oldest are those, in Greek, on Ptolemy Philadelphus and Arsinoë, king and queen of Egypt. That on the king renders a flattering equivalent of his

(Continued on page 1000)



Watch it creep, caterpillar-like, over the Bumps

YOU'VE seen pictures of big farm tractors pushing steadily across the fields, uphill, over ditches, but always keeping on? They call them "caterpillars", because nothing that gets in their way stops them.

Here's a toy size caterpillar tractor that acts just like a grownup one. Wind the spring and away it goes, over bumps, over all the sticks and stones you want to put in front of it, and even drags a trailer behind.

NEW TOY CATALOG

Send you free, if you will mention address of the store where your toys are usually bought. Besides this tractor, the catalog shows Fire Engines, Ladder Trucks, Buses, Derricks, Tractors, Delivery Wagons and many other interesting lifelike toys. Write today.



THIS NON-SKID ERASER, 10c
Send 10c (coin) for this miniature disc wheel whose non-skid balloon tire is a rubber eraser.

KINGSBURY

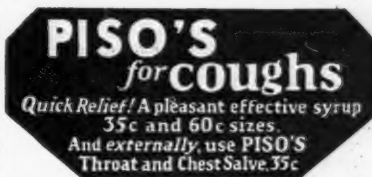
MOTOR DRIVEN TOYS

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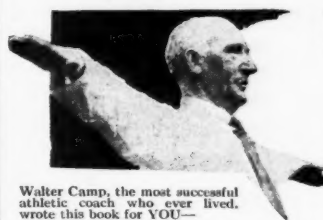
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Walter Camp, the most successful athletic coach who ever lived, wrote this book for YOU—

Do You Know?

That if you go to bed tired out you are more likely to catch contagious diseases?
That hot bread is just as digestible as any other bread?
That to the business man the only value of golf or tennis lies in rest and change, not in exercise?
That being 15 minutes later at your work you may be many years later at the cemetery?
That dangerous fat hides where you can't see or feel it?
That the best cure for constipation is not medicine?
Get straight on this all-important business of Health!

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Membership Coupon

To join the Y. C. Lab, as an Associate Member, use the coupon below, which will bring you full particulars concerning the Society. If elected, you will have the right to ask any questions concerning mechanics, engineering, wood and metal working, radio, and so forth. You will also become eligible to compete for the Weekly, Quarterly and Annual Awards made by the Society, and you will receive its button and ribbon. There are no fees or dues.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

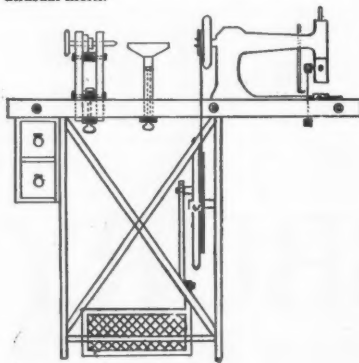
I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name

Address

55th Weekly \$5 Award

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "The Director is empowered to make a Cash Award of \$5.00 weekly to the Member or Associate Member submitting, in the Director's opinion, a project of unusual merit."



Foot. Haverston

THE wealth of utility in a sewing machine no longer in active household use is truly amusing, and nothing could illustrate it better than the exceptionally neat and competent drawing by Member C. V. Smith, Jr., (14) of Thetford Mines, Quebec, who submits particulars of a lathe and jig saw manufactured from an old machine. This project is one of the most ingenious that the Director has reviewed in some time and warm commendation accompanies the Weekly Award which Member Smith has earned for its construction.

One of the reasons that a sewing machine is so valuable for purposes of adaption is that it supplies a rotating element driven by foot power with a convenient gear ratio. With the reciprocating motion of the needle holder, Member Smith used extreme ingenuity in utilizing the rotating mechanism as the head stock of his lathe and the reciprocating motion to activate the arms of the jig saw.

Although there are several exceptions to be taken to the drawing, the net result is quite clear and should be the stimulation of more than one similar attempt. But be sure that your mother has no further use for the sewing machine. Otherwise the Lab will not be responsible for the consequences.

Member Smith adds the following information to that which we have already supplied: "This is made from an old sewing machine with a new hardwood top made in two pieces dovetailed together so that the lathe runway may be cut more easily. The machine itself is turned around and the jigsaw attached to it by an extension arm that goes through a slot in the casing and connects to the driving rod inside. The pivots for the rocker arms are two carriage screws, the ends nicked to prevent the pivots from slipping off. These pivots are pieces of 1/16-in. scrap iron, bent in an L shape, with one edge sharpened, and screwed to the rocker arms. The takeup is made from an old one off a bucksaw. The ends are drilled and pivots put through them, which rest on the outside of the rocker arms, to keep the saw tight. An adjustable foot, fastened to the casing, aids sawing.

"The lathe tailstock is made from two pieces of hardwood, 10 in. long, 8 in. of which are 4 in. wide, and 2 in. are 3 in. wide, so that it will fit into the runway. The adjustable pin is made of 1/4-in. round iron, threaded and pointed with a wheel at one end. This works through two bolts, one of which is stationary, the other acting as a jamb. The whole tailstock is fastened to the base with a thumbcrew. The tool rest is fastened on in the same way. It is made of one board upright, and a cross piece. The spur center is two pins screwed into the flywheel.

"It is possible to run either machine or both by working a small clutch that is originally on the machine. Although the machine looks overbalanced, it is quite steady, and runs very well."



To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon

THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

SOLDER—MATERIAL OF MANY USES

By GOVERNOR HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY

In Charge, Experimental Lab



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

ONE of the nice arts of the laboratory or workshop is the use of solder. All too often we see a result in this work which looks more like some bulbous growth on metal than like the neat joint it was supposed to be. Solder is cheap, and may be used freely, but neatness in your technique is essential.

Very little equipment is needed for this work; just a good iron, good solder and some acid, which can be easily prepared. The old-fashioned iron is still used and is still capable of the nicest work. The business point is made of copper and the heat is applied by gas burner, coal fire or gas torch. These irons are inexpensive, costing around a dollar, and last for years. The electric irons, of course, are very efficient and always ready wherever current is at hand. For all-round work a big one is the thing—one weighing around three pounds. The smaller irons are hard to keep hot enough to make the solder flow readily. The electric iron is much easier to keep clean, as it doesn't have to be heated in a flame and has no chance to oxydize.



Proper method of tinning a solder iron with a lump of sal ammoniac

These irons can be used hour after hour with no attention—which is a great advantage.

The old-fashioned iron should never be allowed to become red hot or to show color, as the excessive heat spatters solder. It can be kept clean by rubbing the point on a block of sal ammoniac. When the point becomes so corroded that it won't "tin" it can be repointed with a fine file. The file can also be used to keep the point at its original sharpness—as nothing is so bothersome as a blunted, clumsy iron.

There must be some agent ("flux") to make the solder "take" on the metal.



Member Sawyer at work on a tin candlestick with an electric solder iron

Hydrochloric acid in which metallic zinc has been dissolved is the best thing for this and is used by most professional shops. Get a pint jar or bottle (a squatty one, not easily tipped over) and fill it with hydrochloric acid. And do it outdoors, as the fumes are stifling. Add five or six ounces of scrap zinc in small chips. If all the zinc dissolves, add a little more. The idea is that a little bit of the zinc shall remain undissolved. As this solution works best when aged, something must be added if immediate use is required. A pinch of sal ammoniac will do. The resulting solution is applied with a small brush or a stick.

Almost anybody knows how to make the three ends meet—the solder, the iron and the metal. But there is more to it than the mere introduction of these parties. In the first place, solder has a decided antipathy to dirt and grease; it just won't stay in a place where the house-cleaning has been neglected. Hence the pieces to be joined together must be clean. The best way to get them clean, really clean, is to scrape them with a file or knife blade.

The stick of solder and the iron should be held at about right angles, the point of the solder meeting the point of the iron. Melt no more of it than can be readily handled; a big blob of solder is just so much excess baggage. Smooth it, along with the flat of the iron.

(Continued on page 997)

Winners of the Toy Constructors' Contest

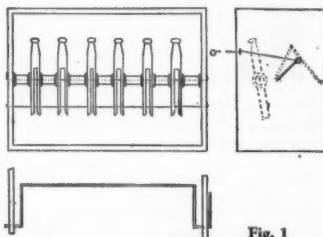


Fig. 1

HERE are results that you have been waiting for. Since the Toy Constructors' Contest closed on October 15, the judges have been busily at work to determine the best results which came from a number of admirable inventions. As a result, the Director and Councilors of the Lab take pleasure in announcing the following prize awards:

To Member C. LeBaron Kasson, Jr., 3 Duke St., Mattapan, Mass., First Prize (\$10.00) for an ingeniously designed Shooting Gallery.

To Member Roger Firestone, Harbel Manor, Medina Road, Akron, Ohio, Second Prize (\$5.00) for the design of a Treasure Hunt game.

To Member Gustav K. Wiencke, 214 West 7th St., Grand Island, Neb., Third Prize (\$5.00) for the design of a Doll's House.

To Member Don Emery, 240 Congress Ave.,

Chelsea, Mass., Fourth Prize (\$5.00) for the game Mechano.

In addition to the above, the following Members or Associate Members receive Honorable Mention: Eugene Bezanson, 61 Main St., Pittsfield, N. H., Model House; H. Marvin Bowman, Franklin, W. Va., Toy Steam Shovel; Richard J. Ferris, Main Road, Tiverton, R. I., Mechanical Toys; Wilfred Frazee, Leaburg, Ore., Jar-rubber Game Board; Samuel Girardet, Jr., Ashland, N. H., Game; Sterling R. Hoose, 704 Mentor Ave., Painesville, Ohio, Toy Cannon; Herbert Kahn, 344 E. 57 St., Chicago, Ill., Mechanical Wooden Dog; Clarence Kuzina, Blaine, Wash., Acrobat Toy; Elbert Miller, 63 Cooper St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Model Armored Car; Douglas Moore, 1409 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn., Mechanical Clown; Leroy Noble, New London, Iowa, Toy Derrick; August Pawson, Granite, Okla., Merry-go-round; Willis J. Reeves, Box 204, Halsey, Ore., Toy Boxers; Herman Rice, 1606 13th Ave., So. Birmingham, Ala., Mechanical Donkey and Rider; Walter Ward, R. 2, Box 158, Lindsay, Calif., Mechanical Doll; Donald Wayman, Oak Grove, Mo., Mechanical Boat; Harry L. Wynn, 413 Charles St., Derry, Pa., Wreck Train.

All Associate Members who receive either a prize or Honorable Mention have been promoted to the grade of full Member.

It will be observed that the judges in considering the many entries which were

received had in mind not necessarily the complexity of the toy but the ingenious application of useful material which it suggested.

Member Kasson in his shooting gallery (Fig. 1) presented precisely the type of project which is admirable because anyone has the materials to construct it and needs only ingenuity and farsightedness to utilize them. Under the circumstances, it is a pleasure to quote Member Kasson's description:

"This is a small shooting gallery suitable for a toy cannon or a B-B gun. The materials needed are: a substantial box, some clothespins, some spools and heavy wire. The box and the clothespins are painted contrasting colors, and the clothespins may be numbered if desired. Holes are drilled in each clothespin a little below its center of gravity, so that the pins will be slightly top-heavy. A hole is drilled through each side of the box about the center to carry a wire, on which are strung alternately spools and clothespins. The wire is cut a little longer than the box and the ends bent so that it will not pull out. A second wire the same length is put in farther back than the first and down near the lower end of the clothespins. This wire is to keep them upright. A third wire is then bent to the shape shown in the drawing, but of course the arm on the right cannot be bent until after the rest of the wire is put inside the box. A screw eye is slightly opened and put in the back of the box on a level with the first wire. An elastic band is tied to the third wire and looped over the screw eye. The screw eye is placed near the front on the right side of the box on a line with the arm when vertical. A piece of string the length of the gallery is tied to the arm and put through the screw eye. When the string is pulled, it automatically resets the clothespins. A boy handy with the jig saw could saw out figures of animals and put them in place of the clothespins."

For Second Prize, we present the Treasure Hunt game of Member Roger Firestone. Despite the full information which we possess concerning this excellent project, it is impossible, for excellent reasons which we shall soon make evident, to make any further statement regarding it, at the present time. All Members should watch closely for additional information, not only on the game, but for the reasons dictating this present mystery. They will soon be forthcoming. Meanwhile, it may safely be said that interesting plans concerning this Second Prize are on foot.

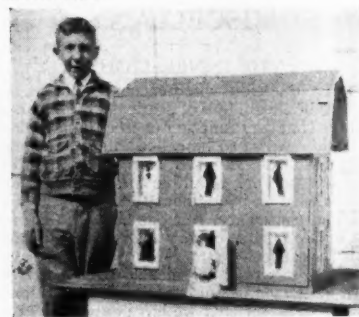


Fig. 2

The photograph shown in Fig. 2 is accompanied by several extraordinarily neat scale drawings of the various floors of the doll's house which Member Gustav Wiencke designed for his sisters. We quote his description:

"The doll's house is 30 in. high and 20 in. wide. It has three floors and seven rooms. It is made of pine boards which cost about \$5.00. First I made a frame of 1 in. boards measuring 20 by 30 in. for a foundation. Then I nailed the first floor to this frame, leaving a 1/4-in. margin for the walls. Then I marked the position of the partitions on the floor and nailed them on. I next nailed on the end walls. They are 20 in. square and have four window openings, 5 by 3 in. The windows are 4 1/2 in. from the ends of the wall, 3 in. from the floor and 4 in. between the first- and second-story windows. I built the stairs next and then laid the second floor with a 3-by-10-in. stair opening. As before, I marked the position of the partitions on the floor and erected them. Then the second-floor stairs were built and the second floor laid. It was now possible to put on the front and rear walls. The center board of each wall has a door 3 by 7 in. and a second-story window. The walls are papered with wallpaper of a small design.

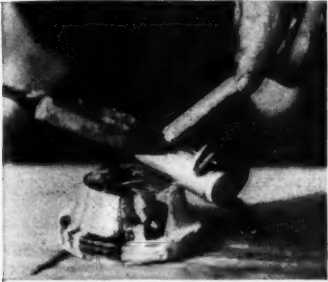
(Continued on page 997)

THE Y. C. LAB—Continued

SOLDER—MATERIAL OF MANY USES

(Continued from page 996)

There are places in which work occasionally requires the use of the small wire solder—sharp angles and awkward corners that can't be reached with bar solder. This solder can be made of the regular bar solder if the former is hard to get or you happen to be



How to solder the edges of a hand-made tube

out of it. Take a small rectangular tin box, shaped something like a high sardine box. Bore a row of small holes, about $3/32$ " along the lower edge of one side. Rivet a handle on one end of it. Put into this melting box some scraps of solder and heat over a blaze, holding the box at an angle such that no solder will run out. When the solder is completely melted, pour it out on a sheet of cold steel or a marble slab, drawing the box along quickly, to make the solder run in long narrow lines. These lines harden at once and can be used in places where the wire solder is required.

The knack of soldering once mastered, one finds the door open to the making of innumerable things from sheet metals. Articles for the home, both useful and ornamental, can be easily made from sheet metal and solder. Sheet tin is perhaps the easiest metal to work with, since it may be readily formed and cut. It solders beautifully, too. Only small metal shears and the soldering iron are needed to turn out really attractive things.

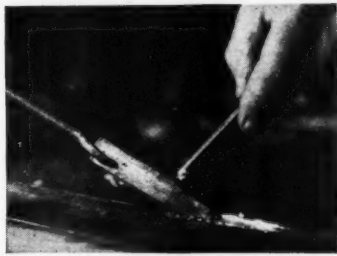
The candlestick shown can be made in about an hour and a half or even less. For the base, cut a circular piece 6" in diameter out of some sheet tin. Now cut a strip $1/2$ " x 19". A fine edge can be made by soldering on the outside and on the bottom, wrapping the strip around the disc. It will take two pairs

of hands to start the thing. First, catch it with solder at one point; this will hold it while you prepare another. Be sure to apply the flux before the solder goes on in any place. By drawing the strip around carefully, catching it in place every two inches or so, it will eventually come into position. Now float so'der around the entire edge, being careful not to loosen it. An edge like this will be a fine test of your skill.

The tube in the center is $3 1/2$ " high and $7/8$ " in inside diameter. This can be made of the tin, rolled around a stick and soldered, or else of a piece of $3/4$ " thin brass tubing. The top collar is made from a bit of sheet brass. The $1/4$ " hole in this can be drilled out and finished with a round file and the outer edge cut with the snips. It is soldered on the under side. Solder the lower edge of the tube to the tin base, being careful to get it in the center.

The handle is 1" wide when finished, but is folded under $1/4$ " on each side for a smooth edge. These edges can be coaxed over with a ball-peen hammer, using a steel edge as a guide. The handle is 10" long in the strip and is bent to any shape desired. This one is soldered on the inside, run up straight for 3", then horizontally for about 1 1/2", then down on a slight curve to the lower edge, and finally soldered on the bottom.

Rough edges can be smoothed off with a



Soldering a long seam

fine file and any lumps pared away with a chisel. The candlestick can be copper-plated or painted. The quick drying lacquers are very good for finishing this sort of thing.

(NOTE: Another article on the use of solder by Governor Shumway will appear soon. THE DIRECTOR)

WINNERS OF THE TOY CONSTRUCTORS' CONTEST—(Continued from page 996)

Most of the furniture was bought. There are two fireplaces; one in the living-room and one in the dining-room. The rugs are made of pieces of velvet and felt. Small pictures are cut from magazines for the walls. The curtains are made of bits of lace, etc. I painted the house yellow with white window frames and trimmings. I painted the roof dark green."

The Mechano game of Member Don Emery, which wins the Fourth Prize, is pictured as Fig. 3.

The theory of this interesting game is that a small ball of cork placed in the cupped end of the diagonal bar at the bottom of the frame will be thrown in an arc if the blunt end of the piece is depressed. The ball theoretically falls in one of the four compartments—or it may fall on the floor under the steam radiator. If it does this, you score

nothing. If it falls in the first compartment, you score 25; in the second, you score 10; in the third, you score 5; and in the fourth, 100. The game obviously requires skill to place the ball in the high-counting fourth pocket.

Many excellent projects were found among those who receive Honorable Mention, and the success of the contest will beyond question lead to other similar developments in the near future.

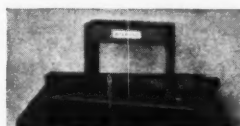


Fig. 3

Questions and Answers

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "Any Member, Associate Member or Applicant who has filed his first project has the privilege of calling for any technical information he desires from the Director, who will designate a Councilor to reply, without cost or obligation to the member. All Councilors must respond promptly to any request by Members."

Q.—I have a few questions to ask you about radio. (1) I would like to know how they figure the wave length in meters and how I can figure the meter range of my set. (2) I am interested in broadcasting in low-wave lengths. I would like to know how to build a voice transmitter that will broadcast on a wave length of about 15 meters and will operate on dry batteries; also a receiver that will receive as low as that. (3) Can I fix my set to receive on a low-wave length? Associate Member Howard J. Hadley, R. No. 1, Clarksville, Ohio.

A.—by Councilor Clapp: The wave length to which a circuit composed of a coil and condenser is resonant, or is tuned, may be found as follows: Wave length is $1884\sqrt{LC}$, where L is the inductance of the coil in microhenries and C is the capacitance of the condenser in microfarads.

The easiest way in which to find the wave length of your receiving set is to record the various stations heard, with the dial settings and the wave lengths of the stations. You then have a list of the wave lengths corresponding

to the dial settings, giving the information which you desire. The longest and shortest wave lengths which you can pick up give you the range of the receiver.

A transmitter for transmission of voice on wave lengths from 0 to 15 meters is not feasible for home construction; and furthermore, only a narrow band of wave lengths near 5 meters may be used by amateur stations. The range of any such transmitter would be but a very few miles, and you would therefore obtain much more benefit from a transmitter for operation on the longer wave lengths. A transmitter for code work is described in The Companion for January 21, 1926, which may be adapted to voice transmission by the addition of a modulation transformer, microphone and battery. The wave lengths between 150 and 200 meters and between 75 and 85.6 meters may be used by amateurs for voice transmission.

It would be much better for you to build a short-wave receiving set, than to attempt to alter your present receiver to receive such waves.

Boys
You Know the Facts

Every winner of a national, international or professional speed skating championship in the past twenty-five years has used ALL-STEEL, FULL-TUBULAR SKATES.

Here is why JOHNSON skates surpass, and why they are imitated and counterfeited: TUBULAR steel is live, full of vitality, light in weight, amazingly durable and strong. The result is that you glide easily and swiftly along—you forget that you are on skates, because JOHNSONS cannot drag and pull and fight your feet as will skates of solid, dead materials, and JOHNSONS are made in the right sizes for the shoes to which they are fitted. That is a big point also—they do not cost any more than you want to pay for skates of such wonderful quality and which will give you both pride of ownership and satisfaction in use.

Insist on the original and genuine Nestor Johnson All-Steel, Full-Tubular Skate. You'll see the full name—NESTOR JOHNSON—on each skate.

NESTOR JOHNSON MFG. CO.
1900 N. Springfield Ave., Chicago

JOHNSONS

Nestor Johnson North Star

Nestor Johnson Flyers

Every Boy
wants the skis that are used by champion runners and jumpers.

Northland Skis
— chosen by 90% of America's champions — are sturdiest, speediest, best for expert or beginner. The deer-head trademark identifies them. Write for free booklet, "How to Ski."

Northland Ski Mfg. Co.
12 Merriam Park, St. Paul, Minn. *World's Largest Ski Manufacturers*

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INTO the woods with a reliable Taylor Leedawl! Compass in your pocket! No fear of lost trails or missing landmarks. The Leedawl will guide you safely home.

If you are a "hiker" or Boy Scout this Leedawl should be included in your equipment. Price \$1.50. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you one upon receipt of price, plus 10c postage.

Taylor Instrument Companies
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

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automobile and airplane wires, electrical wires, telephone cables, bridge-building cables, wire rope, telegraph and telephone wire, radio wire, round wire, flat wire, star-shaped and all different kinds of shapes of wire, sheet wire, piano wire, pipe-organ wire, wire hoops, barbed wire, woven wire fences, wire palm, wire fence posts, trillies wire and rail bonds, poultry netting, wire springs, concrete reinforcing wire mesh, nails, staples, tacks, spikes, bale ties, steel wire strips, wire-rope aerial tramways. Illustrated story of how steel and wire is made, also illustrated books describing uses of all the above wires sent free.

AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY - Chicago

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Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gatch. Free book tells you how, secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. States are: Farmer Burns School, 2509 Eastern Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Ask Your Dealer
for Bulls Eye BB's

If you want to be an expert marksman and enter our free shooting contest get Bulls Eye steel air rifle shot and practice with the FREE TARGETS your dealer will give you.

The secret of good shooting is to get the best ammunition. That's why you want smooth, polished, steel Bulls Eye BB's. You will shoot straight with them. They won't stick in your rifle. And you can use them over and over again.

If your hardware dealer doesn't handle Bulls Eye BB's send us his name and address together with 5c in stamps and your name and address. We will then send you a sample tube of shiny, steel Bulls Eye BB's and free targets to practice shooting on. Ask your dealer for the NICKEL SIZE TUBE.

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Banish Pimples
By Using
Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Try our new Shaving Stick.



Our Keystone Pin of Gold and Blue

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises which lead to successful achievements

Our Members' Column

HERE we are a little over a month old and with well over a thousand Members already—most of them Corresponding now, and we hope that they are all going to win Active Membership and their pins before another month goes by! Here are the names of some more of the very first Corresponding Members in the order of their election. Next week watch for the photographs and names of our first Active Members—girls who win their rank and the pin for the successful achievements they sent in for the Fashion Fête.

CAROL HANSON, 14, Cambridge, Mass.
EMMA NEWTON, 16, Windsor, Vt.
CHARLOTTE BERRY, 15, Middleboro, Mass.
CATHERINE MORRO, 14, Ann Arbor, Mich.
MAY SARTON, 14, Cambridge, Mass.
JOSEPHINE PEARSON, 12, Madison, Wis.
GEORGIANA HULETT, 14, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
VIRGINIA CUNNING, 12, Indianapolis, Ind.
MARY CARTER, 17, Lexington, Ky.
ORPHA COLLINS, 16, Pittsford, Vt.
MYRTLE LETTS, 16, Laurel, Miss.
RUTH CROSS, 17, White Pigeon, Mich.
JEAN EDMANDS, 17, Andover, Mass.
EDITH PAIGE, 16, Quincy, Mass.
RUTH FRAUENBERGER, 17, Bridgeport, Conn.
MARY BOWEN, 16, Lynn, Mass.
BESSIE M. SARGENT, 17, S. Weymouth, Mass.
ALICE BURT, 16, Caledonia, N. Y.
VIVIAN BUSHNELL, 16, N. Franklin, Conn.
THELMA HALEY, 18, Saugus, Mass.
HENRIETTA CUYER, 16, Claremont, N. H.
CHARLOTTE GIDLEY, 11, Fairhaven, Mass.
LOUISE COTTER, 12, Marianna, Ark.
MARJORIE CLOCK, 11, Geneva, Iowa.
ELSA BRODY, 14, Youngstown, Ohio.
HELEN BRAGDON, 14, Cincinnati, Ohio.
HELEN MILK, 14, Fleischmanns, N. Y.
MARGARET GREENER, 13, Montclair, N. J.
BETTY VAN HORN, 14, Alfred Sta., N. Y.
MARGARET MEHRING, 15, Palatka, Fla.
ELINOR ABERNATHY, 15, Plant City, Fla.
HAZEL B. LARSON, 14, Alamo, N. D.
MARTHA HALL, 10, Mobile, Ala.
LAVON STREIBER, 15, Salt Lake City, Utah.
OLIVE R. METCALF, 15, Georgetown, Mass.
E. SMALL, 15, Livermore Falls, Me.
ELIZABETH FISHER, 12, Providence, R. I.
GWENDOLYN STANFORD, 14, Kenmore, Ohio.
RUTH FULTON, 13, Feltz Mills, N. Y.
MARGARET BARTLETT, 13, Melvin Mills, N. H.
MARION J. BEERS, 12, Oneida, N. Y.
MARGARET CHASE, 13, Cliftondale, Mass.
MARY EMERY, 13, Chelsea, Mass.
ELISE OELSNER, 14, Quitman, Ga.
FLORENCE BUSH, 13, Marion, N. Y.
MARIE CRITES, 14, Shinnston, W. Va.
KATHERINE ROBERTS, 13, Nebraska City, Nebr.
SARAH BEALES, 12, St. Catharines, Ont.
ELEANOR FLINT, 11, Orlando, Fla.
WINIFRED B. OSBORN, 14, Ridgefield, Conn.
DORIS MACKAY, 15, Washington, D. C.
HELEN F. LEHMAN, 13, Shrewsbury, Mass.
ELEANOR WATERBURY, 13, Dodgeville, N. Y.
GERALDINE HERABE, 15, Atchison, Kan.
ESTHER FULLER, 15, Kalamazoo, Mich.
ELEANOR HANSCOM, 12, Machias, Me.
MAY V. BULKA, 14, Union City, Conn.
ELNA M. HARLING, 14, Jaffrey, N. H.
JEANETTE GIBSON, 14, Burlington, Col.
MARJORIE ROSCOE, 13, Lyons, Nebr.
ANNA SAMEK, 14, Schenectady, N. Y.
VIRGINIA HARTNETT, 13, Clayton, Mo.
MARY F. OWSEY, 13, Hopkinsville, Ky.
MARY KREVOSEVY, 13, Oxford, Mass.
SARA JOY BELL, 12, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
OPAL HARRIS, 12, Talco, Texas.
DORIS K. KELLOGG, 15, Alvin, Texas.
LUCY DRAPER, 13, Oswego, Kan.
MARIAN LUCAS, 12, Madison, Wis.
MABELL S. THOMBS, 13, Freeport, Me.

Hazel Grey

This is the Keystone Blank

Return to Hazel Grey,

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington Street, Boston

Dear Hazel:

I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is

I am years old.

Address

THE G. Y. C.

You can join, too, by sending in the Keystone Blank from the bottom of this page



The candle was held by its wick and paraffin tinted with oil paint poured over it with an old spoon, until it was the desired color

G. Y. C. WORKBOX ENTERPRISE NO. 12

Have You Ever Thought of Hand-dipped Candles as an Enterprise?

THE WORKBOX rather gasped when Letty Valentine suggested it, but when she started to explain gasps turned to interest, and finally the Workbox decided to make their own Christmas candles. This is how they did it, and they did not find it a bit too hard after they had screwed up courage to begin.

With paraffin and tallow to choose from, the Workbox chose paraffin. To melt this in they had to find something that would be

higher than the length of the candles they wanted to make. Finally Helen thought of an old gallon shellac tin that had been discarded by the Y. C. Lab some time ago, and when the top had been cut off that by help of the can opener the paraffin was ready to go into it and be melted.

A rack to tie wicking to was made by nailing two upright pieces of thin board at each end of a flat piece of wood. Candle wicking the length of the candle desired was

From Girl to Girl

round the skirt are so good-looking that it doesn't need anything else to dress it up.

I must tell you about a new book that I've just finished reading—it gave me so many shocks that I'm just beginning to recover and try to improve my ways. It's called "Etiquette, Jr.," and I found something I never knew before on almost every other page. Besides, it answered ever so many questions I've always wondered about. For instance; did you know that at a tea it is not necessary to wait until those round you have begun to eat their sandwiches and drink their tea? And haven't you always wished you knew how to handle a cup and saucer and a tea napkin and a plate gracefully? It is all beautifully answered for you on page 119-120 of "Etiquette, Jr." The hints about school etiquette and about clothes and letters and conversation are just great; the best part of the whole book is that the people who wrote it had such a good sense of humor besides a good idea of what most of us hope to get out of reading a book like this. I really think they must have made some bad mistakes themselves, too, or they would never have known how to write in such a human and interesting way.

Lovingly,

Betty



Hoyle Studio Dress from Filene's

Dearest Adelaide: How sorry I am that you aren't going to get here in time for the club's party on the twenty-seventh. We are all getting so excited about it, as it's the first time that we've entertained our parents, and it means everything to us to have it go off well. I'm the luckiest girl in the world, for mother has given me a party dress for a Christmas present and let me have it a little bit ahead, too, so that I can wear it when we go to Aunt Mary's for dinner on Christmas Eve. It's quite plain, but the lace godets all

If You Want To Order: Party dresses like Betty's come in turquoise, Nile green, maize and pink—sizes 12, 14 and 16—for \$16.50. And if you want a copy of "Etiquette, Jr.," I'll be glad to ask our Bookshop to send you a copy for \$2.00 plus 10 cents for postage charges, or you can get it directly from its publisher, Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York.

HAZEL GREY

tied to another flat thin stick which was long enough to span across the two end sticks of the rack.

When the paraffin was melted, the flat stick with wicking tied to it was lowered into the hot paraffin and quickly taken out again. The stick, with the wicking dripping with paraffin, was then placed on top of the rack to cool. After the paraffin hardened and cooled, it was again immersed in the hot paraffin and again cooled. This was done as many times as was necessary until the candle was the desired size.

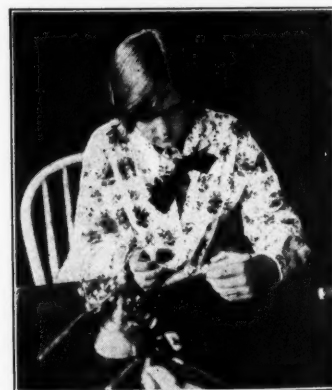
After the candles were made and cooled, a little hot paraffin was poured into a flat pie plate and tinted with tube-oil color. Then the candle was held by its wick and colored wax poured over it. After this cooled, the colored wax was again poured on until the candle acquired the wanted shade. The G. Y. C. Workbox used colors left from painting the drawers of the G. Y. C. chest. They made one candle lavender to use with the desk set, by mixing red and blue together until they had just the right color.



Natalie worked on three candles at once, dipping them in the warm paraffin and letting them cool, then dipping them again, until they were the right size

Decorating the Candles

Many are the ways to decorate your hand-dipped candles—the Workbox again turned to things already in the G. Y. C. chest and found sealing wax, a steel knitting-needle and more of their oil paints left from stenciling the chest! A black candle was decorated with a design done in oil-color paints—red and green to look Christmasy. A green candle was done with gold sealing wax melted and dripped on, and the lavender candle was the prettiest of all. First Helen put on tiny dots



Helen made holes for the bayberry decorations on the lavender candle by first running a hot steel knitting needle into the dots of sealing wax to make holes to put them in

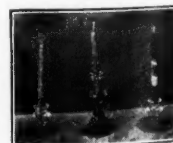
of sealing wax in flower design. Then she heated the steel knitting needle, ran it into the center of the wax dots and put a bayberry into each hole thus made. (Black alder berries or any lasting winter berry can be used in place of the bayberry).

Making hand-dipped candles is a good money-making suggestion for those of you who live where such things are hard to get. Then too you might do them in various lovely colors to order, and make original decorations for them besides.

Candle Holders

Letitia's mother lent the girls two candlesticks, but the one in the center they bought for ten cents and painted underneath with sealing-wax paint (made by dissolving sealing wax in alcohol), and the outside was dotted with sealing-wax flowers to carry out the design on the bayberry-decorated candle. This candle and candlestick made an inexpensive and lovely thing.

Here are the finished candles—the green one at the left, the lavender one in the center, in its painted candlestick, and the black one with its Christmas red-and-green decoration at the right





Keystone

Just a little bit of extra energy—just a slightly increased effort during the next few weeks—and you may be drifting in a gondola with your best friend down the Grand Canal of Venice, with all your joint travel expenses to Europe and return paid by The Youth's Companion!

Ten Points for a Successful Salesman

A YEAR ago, one of the best magazine salesmen in America sent to The Youth's Companion a remarkable contribution called "Ten Points for Successful Salesmen."

Hundreds of people to whom we sent these Ten Points have told me that they proved the key to making hundreds of dollars. Today, with our great Hundredth Anniversary Premium Offer in full swing, I hope that everyone who has not already read these Ten Points will read them here and will use them. Here they are:

1. The business of selling is a profession, a serious, well-paid profession for those who succeed. The selling of good literature is a laudable vocation. Show your pride in representing The Youth's Companion.

2. When approaching the home of a prospective customer, be businesslike; walk briskly, ring or knock in a firm way.

3. As the door is opened, have your cap or soft hat under your arm, so that your hands will be free. Step forward, just as if you were calling by INVITATION. If there is a screen door, remember that it opens outward. Step backward so that it will open. This will aid you surprisingly in securing admission.

4. Here is an effective opening: "Good morning, Mrs. Roberts; my name is William Smith, of 243 Maple Avenue." (Give your home address; it inspires confidence in you.) Then say: "I have called to talk with Mr. Roberts and you."

5. In dealing with ladies, it is very important to be extremely polite and courteous, because they are not used to it and will be very grateful.

6. Never talk to a lady with your hat on; never sit down till she asks you to. No first-rate salesman, of whatever age, ever smokes when approaching a home, or when in sight of it. Your whole demeanor should be one of extreme courtesy, for many sales can be made on that basis alone. It is the little things that count.

7. Be sure your face and hands are freshly scrubbed, your nails speckless, your hair combed, and your clothes and shoes well brushed.

8. As soon as you are inside the home, and start to talk, hand a copy of The Youth's Companion to the customer. This helps to hold her attention. Then, if you take another copy in your own hands, and begin to show the items and pictures you want her to see, she will follow you easily. And, as her hands and yours are fully occupied, she is in no position to hand back the magazine without forcing it on you or throwing it on the floor.

9. Do not be afraid to let your customer talk, but ask questions to which the only sensible answer is "yes." Thus you will get in step with her. For example, say: "Isn't this a great picture?" at the same time showing it. Or say: "Here is a list of the best motion pictures, which my mother uses; isn't it great to have a reliable list?" Never ask: "How do you like this or that?" She might take this as a cue to find fault.

10. A most effective closing is to spread out The Companion, all the copies you have with you, on the table and say: "And you get all this four times a month, for only about ONE HALF CENT A DAY—isn't it a wonderful bargain?" Then accept her \$2 for one year's subscription, write her a receipt, inquire the names of other families whom she thinks will be interested, and say politely: "Thank you very much; good day."

What I Would Add

I would remember that there are a lot of bogus "college students" going around canvassing subscriptions to less worthy magazines than The Youth's Companion. I would not say that I was selling magazines in order to get a college education. I would tell the truth. I would say frankly that I hope to win the trip to Europe, or the Chrysler 60 Coach, or one of the other Grand Prizes, in addition to the wonderful premiums shown in the catalogue in our recent October 21st issue.

Show your customer this catalogue if you wish. He or she will be very much interested and will want to help you more if you stick absolutely to the truth in your talk.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land there is warm affection for The Youth's Companion. People know it everywhere. People know all about its premiums and sympathize with you for wanting to win them.

As soon as you get into your regular stride, taking from two to twenty subscriptions every day, or even more, you will find this the most interesting and profitable of occupations. You can do it! And this is almost the very best ten days of the whole year—for, if any customer by chance does not want The Companion for himself, you can always get him to buy from one to ten subscriptions for Christmas gifts.

Drive this point home. A subscription to The Youth's Companion, as most folks know, is the biggest and finest Christmas gift in all the world for only \$2.

Your friend and associate,

Mason Willis.

THE BULL KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING

THE applicant for an insurance policy was being given a medical examination.

"Did you ever have a serious illness?" asked the physician.

"No."

"Did you ever have an accident?"

"No."

"Never had an accident?"

"Never, except a year ago when a bull tossed me over a fence."

"Don't you call that an accident?"

"Why, no," was the answer, in a tone of surprise. "He did it on purpose."

A LITTLE SKEPTIC

THE little boy had had his first lessons in astronomy and was proudly exhibiting his knowledge to his still smaller sister.

"That star," he said, pointing to one of the most brilliant ornaments of the heavens, "is ever so much larger than the earth."

"Pooh, I don't believe it," replied his sister scornfully. "If it's as big as that, why does it not keep the rain off us?"

Whooping Cough

Parents describe the relief obtained, particularly at night, as wonderful. Introduced in 1879, the value of Vapo-Cresolene has been demonstrated for nearly 50 years in the treatment of whooping cough and spasmodic croup.



Vapo-Cresolene is used for the bed at night, for the relief of treatment of whooping cough and internal medicine.

When children complain of sore throat use it once.

Send for descriptive booklet \$2.4

For Sale by Druggists

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62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg.
Montreal, Canada

COINS Bought and sold. 25 diff. \$.50; \$300 C. S. A. Money, \$.25; Gold \$1, \$2.75; Coin Cabinet, oak, 5 drawers, prepaid \$3.50; 5 Arrowheads, \$.25. 25 Mixed Coins \$.35. 32 pp. Retail list and old coin, \$.06. Elder Corp., 9 E. 35th St., N. Y.

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easily, permanently corrected. Winhap-
piness and success. Ask for full information
and special phonograph record. Send dime for postage
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15 or more, Silver plate, Single pins 35c ea. choice 9 colors enamel, 3 letters, date, Sterling silver, 15 or more 45c ea. Single pins 55c ea. Free Cat. shows Pins, Rings, Embroidery \$5c to \$10c.
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Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Reverses, Min-
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T. S. DENISON & CO., 633 So. Wabash, Dept. 77 CHICAGO

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.
Mrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"



Mellin's Food A Milk Modifier

During the first year of life the growth of cells and tissues together with the building of the framework of the body should go on rapidly and without interruption, for the foundation then laid has a very important bearing upon the baby's general health as he enters the period of childhood. It is, therefore, very necessary that an infant's diet contain food elements of a form to completely satisfy the constant demand for appropriate nutritive material.

Mellin's Food and milk properly prepared supplies these essential elements of nutrition, and a baby fed in this manner not only grows normally during the nursing period, but in later life shows the advantage of this well-selected diet by his strength and endurance, healthy color, resistance to the illnesses of childhood and his happy disposition.

What will be the general condition of the baby at the end of the second year is a matter that should always influence the selection of the diet during the period of bottle feeding.

Write to us today for a Free Trial!
Bottle of Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

Merry Christmas and a Healthy New Year



•BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS•

THE NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS
ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

Reserve these 6 1/2% BONDS now FOR JANUARY INVESTMENT

RESERVE your January investments now, before the usual heavy reinvestment demand restricts your choice.

Smith Bonds offer you the strong security of first mortgages on modern, income-producing city property, the liberal interest rate of 6 1/2%, and safeguards that have resulted in our record of

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You may have a choice of bonds on properties in several of the great centers of population of the eastern United States, of maturities from 2 to 10 years, and of \$1,000, \$500 and \$100 denominations.

Send your name and address on the form below for circulars, and for our booklets, "Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety" and "How to Build an Independent Income."

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on approval and 30 days' trial, express prepaid. Many styles. Bicycles \$21.50 up. Easy payments. Write today for our big catalog and Factory-to-Rider price.

MEAD Cycle Co., Dept. M-51 CHICAGO

(Continued from page 995)
name in the words "made of honey"; that on the queen, sweet but less cloying, is "Juno's violet." An excellent and famous Latin anagram upon Queen Elizabeth, depicting her as a lamb to her people but a lioness in their defense against the Spanish foe, may interest our young students of Latin: *Elisabetha Regina Angliae—Anglis agna et Hiberiae lea*. The unhappy fate of her rival, Mary Queen of Scots, was expressed with aptness in another equally renowned: *Maria Stewarda Scotorum Regina—Trusa vi regnis, morte amara cado*.

Anagrams were especially popular in ancient France. One of the most successful historic specimens showed the popular belief in the diabolical origin of the regicide monk who assassinated Henry III: Frère Jacques Clement—*C'est l'enfer qui m'a crée*. The beautiful Marie Touchet became *Je charme tout*, and a poet sent to the fair Magdelaine, his ladylove, three dozen anagrams upon her name as a tribute of affection! He must have been an extraordinarily skillful juggler with the alphabet. It is not often easy to make even one good anagram, as an American recently discovered who tried his hand upon the name of the President Calvin Coolidge—*O valid N. E. logic* was the best he could achieve, and it would not have been bad if he had not had to admit regarding the repeated C's as one letter, which is against the rules. To be sure, his sister offered an improvement inclusive of both C's, but he scorned to consider her suggestion of recognizing the value to the Presidential Partnership of the First Lady of the Land, and making it *N. E. Valid Logic Co.* Can any of our bright puzzle-fans do better?

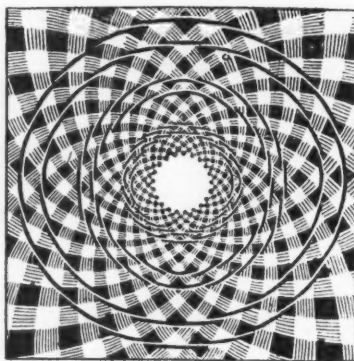
TOO MUCH SWEETENING

IN the days when prospective brides, perched on a pillion behind father or lover, rode into Boston from all the surrounding villages to do their bridal shopping, a young couple, whose descendants still gleefully tell their story, had accomplished their happy task and were ready to return. They lived forty miles away, in Newbury, and, having ridden to town on one day, made their purchases and spent the night with relatives, were ready bright and early in the morning for the long ride home. Their bags and bundles were securely strapped, tied and distributed; but the numerous encumbrances made it hard for the bride to mount to her place. So, in Dock Square, where plenty of boxes, barrels and hogsheads were standing about, the horse was backed up to a hogshead, beside which a box had been placed, from which the bride stepped nimbly to the top, and in an instant more would have reached the saddle, when with a rending and tearing, followed by a splash and an ear-splitting shriek, the heading gave way beneath her. Down she went, still shrieking and sputtering, into a sticky bath of dark West India molasses!

She could do nothing to help herself, however she struggled and sputtered, and alas! her ungallant swain turned his bridle and, instead of helping her out, was about to fly

THE BEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION



QUEER CIRCLES

Your eyes tell you that the figures in the drawings are ovals—no one would take them for circles. But if you lay a coin in the center, or test the "ovals" with a compass, you will find that each "oval" is a perfect circle!

from the scene of her ignominious plight and the laughter of the bystanders. She brought him to a sense of his duty in tones that were not to be gainsaid.

"You, Joe Noyes!" she shouted after him. "Come back and get me out o' this kag o' sweet'nin' or I'll never marry you—never!" Joe pulled himself together and pulled his Judith out and doubtless spent the whole forty miles home, after she was scraped, soaked, reclothed and remounted, in trying to explain away his momentary desertion!

Keystone



THREE LITTLE TAILOR'S GEES

THIS is the way they press clothes in the Philippines; so at least the photographer tells us. They wrap the garment that is to be pressed round the wooden cylinder, which you can see between the two flat pieces of plank. This cylinder is rotated back and forth by means of the seesaw motion of the upper board, and the power necessary for that motion is furnished by the youthful members of the family. The advantage of this idea—if it has any—is that the youngsters can make a sort of game of the work. In the picture they do not look as if they found the job a wholly distasteful one. Concerning the results they get we are inclined to be suspicious. We should not like our trousers pressed that way.

AN INCOMPLETE VOTE

THE great English universities return members to Parliament, just like the borough cities. But the election is traditionally a *viva voce* affair. The voter announces his choice, which is thereupon registered by the election clerk.

Sometimes the practice has its amusing side. In the famous election in which Gathorne Hardy ousted Gladstone from one of the seats for Oxford University there was a dispute over one vote given by a graduate who was weak in aspirates.

He voted thus: "Glad—I mean 'Ardy." Gladstone's supporters claimed the vote. "Oh, no," said their opponents, "he never finished Gladstone!"

"That may be," was the retort, "but he never began Hardy."

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

Editor's Note: There are so many motion pictures, and there is so little trustworthy information about them, that it may be hard for your family to tell which are really worth seeing. The following list, revised every week, contains the pictures which The Youth's Companion recommends to you, as clean and interesting. Let us know if you appreciate this interesting newer service.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

The Waning Sex—Metro Goldwyn Mayer
A young woman proves to her lover that a woman can be a successful lawyer, and then gives up her career. Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel.

The Unknown Cavalier—First National
A horse and his cowboy master, unmask a villain and rescue a kidnapped child. Ken Maynard and Tarzan.

The Nervous Wreck—Producers Distributing Corp.
Love and a series of lively adventures cure a hypochondriac. Harrison Ford.

Forever After—First National
A thwarted boy and girl romance reblooms in war time. Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes.

Battling Butler—Metro-Goldwyn Mayer
An aristocratic weakling impersonates a middle-weight champion with comic results. Buster Keaton.

Take It From Me—Universal
A clever stenographer's good sense helps a spend-thrift youth regain a fortune. Reginald Denny.



Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.

COLLIES
Safest dog for children.
Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists. Jefferson White Collie Kennels, Wauson, O.
A Jefferson White is a Collie of a type

SHOMONT WHITE COLLIES
Thoroughbred—The "Aces" of All Dog-dom. The most beautiful dogs in the world. Intelligent, fearless, faithful. They guard your home, watch your herds, play with your kiddies. Write for special lists. Satisfaction guaranteed.
SHOMONT KENNELS, Box 10, Monticello, Iowa

SQUAB BOOK FREE
Breed squabs and make money. Sold by millions. Write at once for free 40-page book beautifully printed in colors telling how to do it. You will be surprised. PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO. 107 N. St., Melrose Highlands, Mass.

SNOW WHITE ESKIMO PUPPIES
5c. in stamps brings you 20-page illustrated catalogue of these beautiful, intelligent dogs. The natural child's pet and trick dog. Brockway Kennels, Baldwin, Kans.

German Police Puppies, Toy Poodles, Fox Terriers, White Eskimo's, Scotch Collies, \$10 to \$35. We ship anywhere, American Kennels, 16th and Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.

High Quality Fantail Pigeons. Blacks—Reds—Whites. \$10 per pair. Cash with order. W. E. Stanhope, Newport, R. I. Xmas Gifts for Many Happy New Years.

Strongheart Police Dogs, the finest in the world. Strongheart Kennels, R. F. D. 6, New Brunswick, N. J.

COLLIES for sale. Also book on training, 35c. F. R. Clark, Bloomington, Ill.

Rabbits, Cavies, Pigeons; [1000 animals]. Circular for stamp. Summit Rabbitry, Bernharts, Pa.

For Sale Irish Terrier and Police pups. Best breeding. Stone House Farm, Durham, N. H.

FRENCH BULLDOGS for Xmas. Attractive pedigreed puppies \$35 to \$50. LONG, 61 Glen Ave., Brockton, Mass.

BOOKS for BOYS
30 30 30 30
Corking tales that any boy would be delighted to receive for Christmas

CAMPUS DAYS	By Ralph D. Paine	\$1.00
THE HEAD COACH	By Ralph D. Paine	1.00
A JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH	By Jules Verne	1.00
BOYS OF ST. TIMOTHY'S	By Arthur Stanwood Pier	1.00
BY PIKE AND DYKE	By G. A. Henty	1.00
THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR	By W. H. Frost	1.00
TREASURE ISLAND	By Robert Louis Stevenson	1.00
WITH LEE IN VIRGINIA—A Story of the Civil War	By G. A. Henty	1.00
THE BOY SETTLERS	By Noah Brooks	1.00
STORIES FOR BOYS	By Richard Harding Davis	1.00
JIM DAVIS, OR THE CAPTIVE OF THE SMUGGLER	By John Masefield	1.00

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Enclosed find..... and send books checked to
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The Children's Page

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT OR PARTY COSTUMES THAT YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF

By Georgia Eldredge Hanley

Illustrations by Julia Greene

Characters—Christmas Tree Fairy, Christmas Star, Christmas Candle, Christmas Wreath, Christmas Bell, Christmas Candy.

Costume Suggestions—

Christmas Star—Large cardboard star covered with gold paper, opening for face, held in place by child's hands slipped through tape handles pasted for purpose on back side.

Christmas Candle—Long straight tunic of white cloth, to which is sewed peaked hood of bright red or orange, wired to make it stand up. (Open in back.)

Christmas Candy—Long straight tunic with straight sleeves made of white cloth with bands of bright red cloth or ribbon sewed on diagonally. Hat of same over wire foundation. (Costume can also be made of crêpe paper.)

Christmas Tree Fairy—White tarleton or swiss trimmed with gold tinsel, band of Christmas tree ornaments and tinsel on hair, wand wound with gold paper with gold paper star on end. Wings of large loops of the tarleton wired.



The Christmas Tree's own glittering Fairy



The Christmas Candy sweet



Comes music from the Christmas Bell



The Christmas Star sends light and love



The Christmas Candle beams its cheer



The Christmas Wreath all red and green



CHRISTMAS RHYME

By Georgia Eldredge Hanley

It takes a lot of things, we know,
To make a Christmas really so—
The Christmas Star sends light and love
A-shining on us from above,
While from our windows every year
The Christmas Candle beams its cheer.
On door and window, too, is seen
The Christmas Wreath, all red and green,
While from the steeples with a swell
Comes music from the Christmas Bell.

And Christmas wouldn't be a treat
Without the Christmas Candy sweet.
And then, the darling Christmas Tree
With branches full of mystery.
And last of all, so light and airy,
The Tree's own glittering Christmas Fairy.
With love and laughter, light and mirth,
We help to cheer this dear old earth;
With song and dance and jingling rhyme
We merry make the Christmas time.

ABOUT WINNIE-THE-POOH

No matter how old you are or whether your name is Marjorie or George or something just as nice, only quite different, I'm afraid you will be sorry if you miss the story and pictures about Winnie-the-Pooh! It is by A. A. Milne, and in the story Edward Bear and Christopher Robin, together with their friends, do everything from taking an "expedition" to the North Pole to thinning Edward Bear so he would fit in the rather small doorway of rabbit's little house. E. P. Dutton sent me Winnie-the-Pooh. It costs \$2.00; and if you should want to get a copy and can't find one near home, I can get it for you at our own bookshop with a check or money order for that amount and ten cents added to it for postage. The Editor of the Children's Page, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Christmas Wreath—Circle of cardboard three or four inches wide for foundation. Diameter depends on size of child. Paste or sew on holly leaves cut from green crêpe paper. Sew on bunches of small red Christmas tree ornaments or red kindergarten beads for berries; tie around neck with wide red ribbon.

THE PUPPY PRIZE CONTEST



Would you like to win a puppy for a pet and choose the kind you want from ten of the best kind of puppies that there are?

A two-cent stamp will bring you all the conditions of the latest Youth's Companion Children's Page contest—or you can find them back on your December 9th Children's Page with lots of pictures of some of the different kinds of puppies!

The Editor of the Children's Page, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.



How Princess Mariana judged her suitors -

"WE simply *must*," said the lovely Princess Mariana to the Royal Secretary, "sort that list of suitors. Don't tell my Royal Father, but the man I seem to like best is the first assistant gardener. Of course, I don't suppose—but proceed."

The Secretary bowed and began to read:

"1. Prince Prunello. GIFT: a magic lotion to preserve youthful beauty forever."

"Goodness," said the Princess, "he is inclined to exaggerate, don't you think? Cross him off."

"2. Prince Balakia. GIFT: magic beauty soap full of wondrous oils and drugs."

"I think you can cross him off, too."

"3. Prince William. GIFT: Ivory Soap, to protect with its purity the loveliest face in the world."

"Now *that's* more like it. Prince William sounds worthy of an interview."

"If Your Highness please," ventured the secretary, "I happen to know that the first assistant gardener is none other than Prince William in disguise."

"How thrilling! Tell him he is discharged at once—and bring him hither."

WITH health, complexions need little more than cleanliness to keep them lovely.

Because they realize this simple truth, millions of women entrust the care of their skins to Ivory Soap alone. They know that Ivory is pure as dew, as gentle as the fall of a snowflake. Ivory does not agree to cure complexions or transform them magically with oils and drugs. It does promise—and give—all that a soap can bring to beauty—safe cleansing. Your complexion can have no surer friend.

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